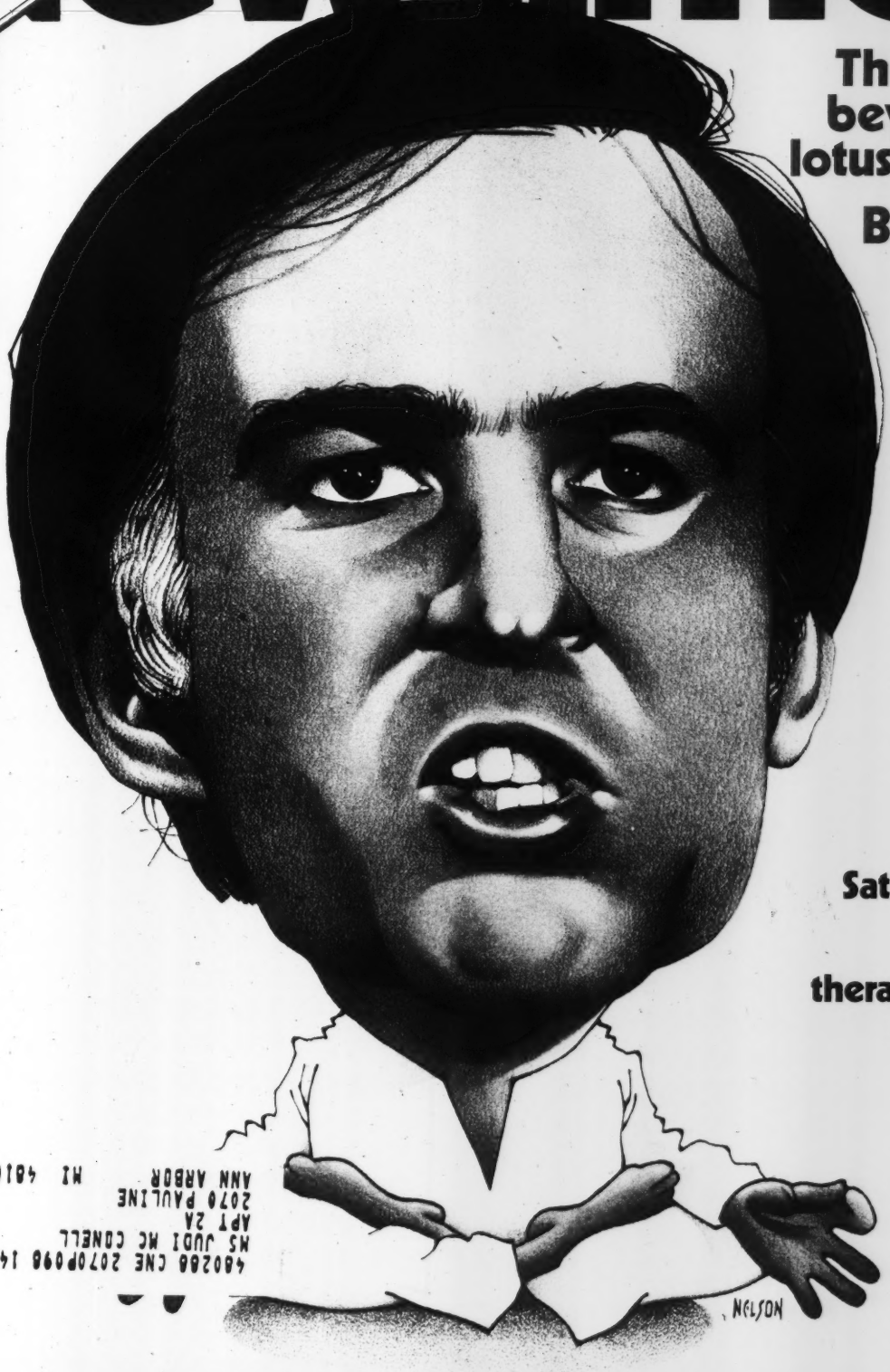
MAY 28, 1976 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

# NewTimes®

## Demystifying Jerry Brown




## The politics beyond the lotus position

By Robert Scheer

## Backstage with TV's Saturday Night

## Your next therapist may be a computer

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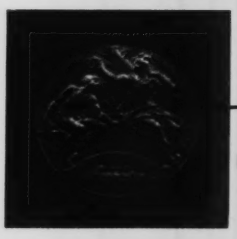
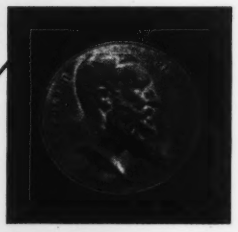


Paris, 1889

Edinburgh, 1890

Brussels, 1893



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Zurich, 1930

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MAY 28, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 11

# New Times

## Demystifying Jerry Brown

The 38-year-old governor comes on like an ascetic guru, but behind the offbeat image is a consummate politician who has already proven his boast: "In this business, a little vagueness goes a long way."

**By Robert Scheer**

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## The long trial of David Fine

Six years ago, during the height of antiwar rage, a student was killed when a bomb went off at the University of Wisconsin. David Fine, who was charged with the bombing with three others, was on the lam from that moment until the FBI caught up with him in January. Now his impending trial is raising the old moral dilemmas once again.

**By Robert Friedman**

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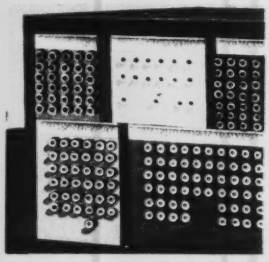

## Computer therapy

If researchers in Artificial Intelligence at MIT and Stanford are right, the shrink at the side of the couch might soon be made of metal.

**By R.D. Rosen**

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## The (upper) class of '75

This spring's Ivy League graduate best take heed: there's something amiss with the old boy club, and many former students have found themselves selling $20 ties rather than wearing them.

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Some ex-*National Lampooners* and other certified crazies have been keeping themselves busy, putting pains in the necks of NBC censors and stitches in the sides of some 10 million viewers.

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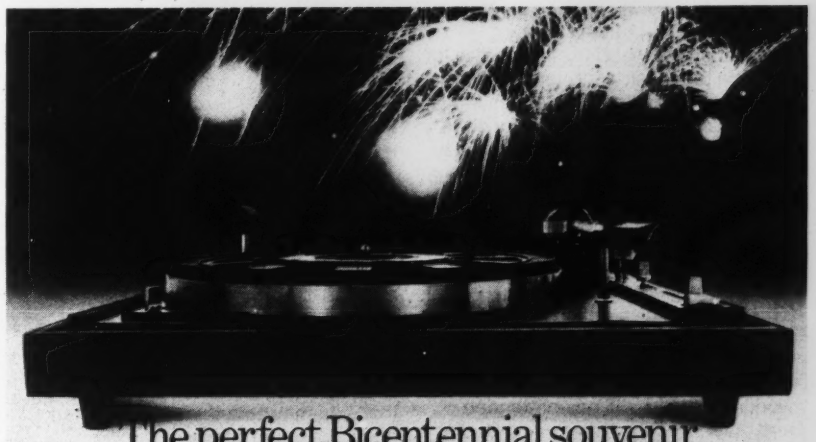

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# Fulminations

## The national nap/By Larry L. King

Poor people can go to hell. Blacks may stew in their second-class juices. No liberals need apply.

These are the dismal messages being sent out by voters of the two major political parties. The electorate is mean to the bone this year: selfish and narrow, reckless and blind.

The most do-nothing President since Herbert Hoover, and certainly the most reactionary in his soul, may be rejected by his party—not because he's too grim an agent of the status quo, but, rather, because he isn't parsimonious enough to match the public mood. Here is a President who's exercised the veto 48 times within two years, largely against moderate or modest social legislation, being threatened by the candidacy of a Republican rival who sounds as if he's willing to risk World War III over the Panama Canal. One of Ronald Reagan's campaign aides openly says that his candidate "is talking the same thing now that Governor [George] Wallace was talking four years ago." And people are buying it.

The general indifference toward progressive programs is newly reflected in the inability of Congress to override the President's veto of a bill to provide $125 million to establish staffing and safety standards for child day-care centers. Now, $125 million is a great deal of money to those of us sweating over our desks or lathes, but it isn't enough, relatively, to keep men in cigars past noon over at the high-spending Pentagon. It is less money than was lobbied out of Congress to aid scandal-ridden Lockheed Aircraft. Many day-care centers may be forced to close. This means that the children of poor, working parents will go unattended and unfed. Really makes you proud of your government, doesn't it?

In the wake of the Watergate scandals, and after almost eight years of benign neglect of the nation's social ills, one might expect Republicans to be scrambling to provide evidence that all their human juices haven't dried up. Instead, we see President Ford and Ronnie Reagan competing to assure us that they'll each be more of a caretaker president than the other.

Liberals also are out to lunch. The only candidate in this strange year to pledge to be an activist president, the only one to address himself to using the government as an instrument for social good—Congressman Morris Udall—has found but a paltry constituency. There's much that's sad, if brave, in Udall's futile campaign to awaken a people determined to play Rip Van Winkle. Udall is shouting into the wind, however, because it's national nap time and the Do Not Disturb sign is out. Even he—after finding that former McGovern, McCarthy and Kennedy red-hots have lost their passions for crusades—began avoiding the word "liberal" as if it were spelled with four letters.

The last time the country was in such a sour mood we got eight years of Ike and drifting. We did not go untaxed for our indulgence. By the time the 1960s arrived, our cities were rotted and peeled almost beyond redemption. Racial problems, long neglected, were allowed to ferment until they exploded. Nobody in the 1950s thought of the ecological woes accruing as we rapidly industrialized and urbanized and polluted. If we drift much longer, then you may count on our neglected chickens again coming home to roost.

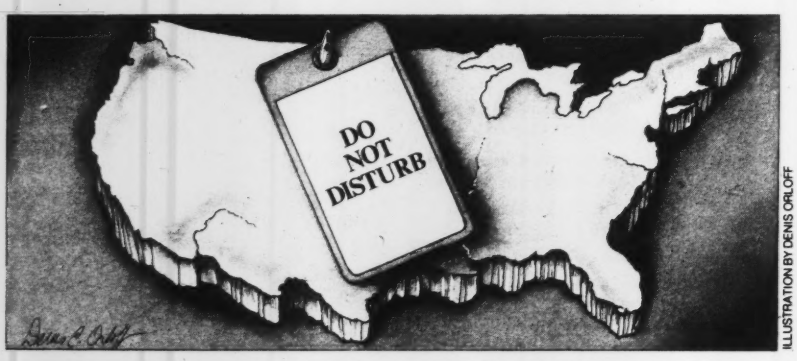


ILLUSTRATION BY DENIS ORLOFF

Though Jimmy Carter virtually has the Democratic nomination locked up, he remains—to paraphrase Churchill—a riddle wrapped in a mystery. Carter has only a brief public record by which he may be judged, and he hasn't rushed to tell us what he stands for. Largely he's capitalized on the anti-Washington mood and flashed a winning grin. But does anyone really have a clear indication of the direction he might try to take us as president?

Carter reminds one of the unseen candidate in the movie *Nashville*, simply a disembodied voice emanating from a sound truck. The viewer couldn't tell what *that* fellow stood for either. His was a mixture of inoffensive generalities and homilies that might be interpreted as liberal or as conservative, depending on what the individual wanted to hear. The same ideological ambiguity has been the key to Jimmy Carter's astonishing success. We simply don't know whether he'll wish more milk on the Hottentots or dismantle the Social Security system. Carter could turn out to be a president who cares and who acts on his concerns. To date, however, there's little in the record to substantiate the hope. In short, we've bought a grin and a drawl without knowing what's behind them. But this ain't no movie, folks: if we turn out not to like the Carter scenario, we can't simply go to the box office and demand our three bucks back.

Three little vignettes from real life recently affirmed for me the troubling public mood. A movie star, an activist liberal in past campaigns, rejected my efforts to enlist him for Udall with the mumbled comment, "I'm busy and I'm tired and I'm not going to do much this year." A black cab driver, asked his presidential preference, said curtly, "They *all* a buncha fakes, man. I won't waste time on none of 'em 'cause they ain't wastin' no time on me." A few nights later I was sharing drinks with a friend at a bar. We were interrupted by a bumptious lout who bragged that he'd been one of Donald Segretti's "dirty tricks boys." My friend recoiled in horror and asked how he could have permitted himself to be so used. "Oh, it wasn't *political*," the fellow said. "I only did it for my personal advancement." I'm afraid he's still in vogue this year. ●

# Party Lines

## Closing the new frontier/By Robert Sam Anson

To be in Washington these days is to have an inkling of what it must have been like in Rome during those final days before THEY arrived. All hope is lost. Brave Hubert has retired from the field (nudged, it is said, by the knowledge that Seymour Hersh, silent lo these many months, was ready to unload on him the moment he announced his candidacy). The city lies prostrate before the conquerer. Jimmy is coming.

*O tempora! O mores!* Will San Souci add pecan pie to its menu? Should the lease on the Georgetown house be renewed? Is it too late to be "born again"? Will everyone start talking with that cursed drawl? Can life ever be the same?

Yes, these are tremulous times in the nation's capital. The other day, one of Carter's key aides was spotted strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue. When one of the old guard cautiously asked what he was up to, the Carter man replied with a smile: "I'm advancing the torching." And the way things are in Washington these days, a lot of people actually thought he meant it.

In varying degrees of panic, official Washington is beginning to recognize that the storm that has been gathering for so long is about to break over them, and that when it does, a lot of careers, assumptions and old ways of doing things are going to be washed away. The struggle now is to be one of the survivors. Already, though, the casualty list is mounting. And at the very top of it is the name Edward M. Kennedy.

It has always been an article of political faith that somehow, some way, Ted Kennedy would be president. From the moment of his election in 1962, the press never tired of reminding us of that inevitability. Thanks to his age and his name, he could simply outlast us, choose the proper moment—not even 1996 would be too late, the line went—and the presidency would be his, almost by right. Nothing could stop him, not even Chappaquiddick. If the people wanted him badly enough, and clearly they did, they would forget *anything*. Time was on Teddy's side.

And so the moments passed. The nomination was his for the asking in 1968. The same with 1972 and again this year. But he always found a reason not to run. His grief, his family, the memories of Dyke Bridge and a girl lying dead in a car. "There's no way I could do it," he confided to a friend earlier this year. "I'd be off giving a speech in Fort Wayne, Indiana, about the economy and somebody would be asking me questions about the time of tides between Chappaquiddick and Edgartown."

Of course he was right. But Chappaquiddick alone cannot explain Kennedy's behavior since 1969: the women, the booze, the seeming uncaring if anyone found out about either. Nor does simple arrogance. "The things he does and the way he does them," muses a friend. "He knows they hurt him [politically]. That's exactly why he does them. I hate to psychoanalyze him, but you have to realize that, deep down, this man does not want to be president."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN J. SHERMAN

But there was always a tug, the irresistible pulling of memory and tradition. This year, Kennedy carefully stopped short of Shermanesque pronouncements about a possible candidacy. As Carter began to rack up one primary victory after another, intimates began to describe Kennedy as "frustrated." "He doesn't want to run," said one of them. "But he sure as hell doesn't want Carter to get it either."

If Kennedy didn't like Carter, the feeling was surely mutual. One former Carter aide recalls that when the subject of prospective vice-presidential candidates was broached a few weeks ago, Carter was vehement about Kennedy. "That's one man I don't want to run with," the aide quotes Carter as saying. "I'm not sure whether that man should *be* vice-president."

The remaining option was Humphrey. Through the years, Kennedy and Humphrey had become close. They thought alike. Talked alike. Ideologically, they were indistinguishable. When Teddy held a fund-raiser, he could count on Hubert. Ditto Hubert about Teddy. "It will be the dream ticket," one Humphrey strategist enthused a few weeks ago. "Teddy will give Hubert glamour. And Hubert? Well, Hubert will make people forget about Chappaquiddick."

But that was before Pennsylvania. Kennedy, his friends say, was counting on Pennsylvania to slow Carter, counting on Hubert to enter the race. Then, the scenario went, Hubert would get cut up, and the party, left with no one, wanting desperately to win, would turn to its historical savior, the family Kennedy.

It didn't work out that way. Instead, Kennedy now confronts the prospect of eight years of President Jimmy Carter and a whole new generation of politicians for whom the New Frontier is but a memory, and a distant one at that. Already, the Kennedy loyalists are making their accommodations. Milt Gwirtzman and Bill vanden Heuvel are doing speeches and position papers, Ted Sorensen is writing jokes, and they are but the first wave. "In four years," says one Washington political hand, savagely but accurately, "Ted Kennedy will be Tip O'Neill."

Maybe, though, that's what he's always wanted. He has forced himself to become a good senator and on some issues—health care, regulatory agencies and foreign policy—a damn good one. "Teddy doesn't realize it yet," says an old chum from Massachusetts, "but Jimmy Carter is a godsend in disguise. The pressure, because of his brothers, has been unbearable. Now he has an excuse. He can't do anything, except relax."

Teddy Kennedy deserves that rest. But then, after Dallas and Los Angeles and the memories that have haunted us, so do we all.

Goodbye, Teddy. And take care. ●

# The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

## Ford's speech problems (cont'd)/The Big Mac memos

# Politics

### The talk is cheap

Several issues ago, we reprinted the text of a rather embarrassing speech President Ford made to Charlotte housewives shortly before losing the North Carolina primary. That speech prompted one White House aide to leak a phony story that Ford was on the verge of shaking up his speechwriting staff. Phony or not, however, the bitter internecine struggle in the White House between speechwriters and their many critics is heating up, fueled by Ford's recent primary defeats.

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

*Hartmann: speechwriting furor*

Chief of Staff Richard Cheney is just one of those who believe the President has been hurt by embarrassing speeches. One high White House aide recently told a reporter that the writing pool was a "dung heap." The critics single out Ford's close crony and head speechwriter, Robert Hartmann, a former Washington newsman, as the chief culprit. They blame him for not rehiring Aram Bakshian, a respected writer who recently completed a sabbatical at Harvard, and for neglecting to call more often on David Gergen, an able assistant to Cheney. The fact remains that changes are unlikely. Ford is so close to his head speechwriter that critics believe complaining about Hartmann is simply a waste of breath.

### A Penny earned is a Ford saved

If President Ford's speeches themselves aren't going to improve, then perhaps at least his delivery will. That's the task of one of the newest aides at the White House, Don Penny. Until a month ago, Penny was a New York producer of television commercials, and prior to that he was probably best known as Seymour, Marlo Thomas' agent on the now-defunct TV series *That Girl*.

Even Ford's closest aides concede that the President is a dreary speaker, and Penny was hired to change all that. For his efforts, he is being paid $150 a day—from public funds. The 43-year-old Penny, who claims that his interest is more personal than political, uses Gary Cooper as a model. He believes the key to success for Ford is better timing and fewer words. "Gary Cooper was a very unusual person," he explains. "You could understand his silences better than his words. . . . In Ford's case, less is more." Already Penny's coaching is being given credit for the President's show-stopping performance as guest of honor at the recent White House Correspondents' Association dinner.

### Judging the fallout

Meldrim Thomson is the New Hampshire governor whose last ingenious proposal was to give the National Guard nuclear weapons. Although no one took him very seriously, Thomson's most recent plan suggests he isn't taking any chances. The governor has asked his legislature to fund a giant fallout shelter for himself and the state's top 100 officials.

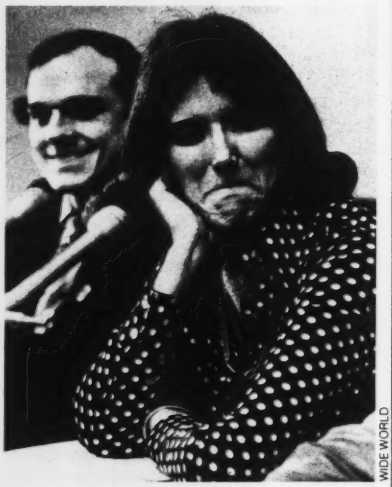
It won't pass easily, however. Already the proposed shelter—replete with an elaborate communications system and comfortable living quarters—is expected to become a major issue in Thomson's reelection bid this fall. After all, $750,000 is a lot of money for the kind of shelter that is not only of questionable effectiveness but would be constructed in a lightly populated area without a single strategic target.

WIDE WORLD

*Thomson: gimme shelter*

### A Pat on their backs

So slow are things in Washington, D.C., these days that Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.) had the leisure recently to distribute to each of her Democratic colleagues a plastic bag containing three marbles. Included with each package was a note that read: "How to become a Republican. . . . Hold marbles and listen to Republican politicians. Each time you believe one, drop a marble. When you have lost all your marbles you are a Republican."



WIDE WORLD

*Schroeder: rolling along*

### Dog days

Although the pace of activity in the nation's capital may be slow, you'll be heartened to know that there are certain activities about which our representatives are undeniably conscientious. In April alone, Congress found time to designate National Artichoke Month, National Home Improvement Month, National Laugh Week, Let's All Play Ball Week, Defensive Driving Week, National Library Week, National Boys Club

# More cigarette vs. your cigarette.

1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
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3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
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6. Does your cigarette give you all this yet cost no more than a 100 mm cigarette (which means more for your money)?

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Week, Harmony Week and Week of the Young Child. After the weeks and months had been distributed there were still days left: April 7 was Metric Day, April 8 Food Day, April 10 Commodore Perry Day, April 13 Thomas Jefferson Day and April 22 Queen Isabella Day. Now how about designating June, National Non-Designation Month?

## Baring his teeth

What is the secret of Jimmy Carter's captivating smile? To find out,

WIDE WORLD

*Carter: teeth publicity*

National Public Radio reporter Susan Stamberg recently rang up the Georgia Democrat's dentist. Dr. L.R. Sanderson seemed flattered enough to be asked for his opinion but handled the inquiry with all due modesty. "I wish I could take the credit," he said, "but I'm afraid Mother Nature will have to take it all. He's just got a beautiful set of teeth." Sanderson did assure his questioner that Carter's teeth "were all his own" and provided a clue as to why. "He comes three times a year and he's always on time. I think twice is enough, but he's that conscientious."

## Who rates anyway?

Groups such as the Americans for Democratic Action, the Ripon Society and the Americans for Constitutional Action have long been rating the voting records of members of Congress on ideological grounds. The interesting question is whether such judgments have any impact.

A number of legislators apparently think so, and now they're asking that rating groups be investigated. Led by California Republican Burt Talcott, nearly one-fifth of the House has requested that the Fair Campaign Practices Committee investigate several groups. Chief on the list is the Dirty Dozen Campaign Committee, political arm of Environmental Action, Inc. Each election the Dirty Dozen targets for defeat 12 legislators who are politically vulnerable and consistently opposed to environmental objectives. So far the group has had extraordinary success: 77 percent of the legislators on their list for '70, '72 and '74 are no longer in Congress.

Talcott, who was reelected in 1974 despite a Dirty Dozen tag, is also asking that the Consumer Federation of America and the National Council of Senior Citizens be investigated. "All [three groups] appear to have common sponsors and share an arrogant disdain for clean, fair and honest campaign practices," Talcott explains. Dirty Dozen director Dennis Bass denies the charges and says he isn't fazed by them: "It's obviously politically motivated. They must be worried about what we're doing." There is one congressman, however, who isn't worried at all. To the contrary, Larry McDonald, an ultraconservative Democrat from Georgia is "offended" at not being named a member of this year's Dirty Dozen.

# Seventies

## Unidentified foreign objects

The folks at McDonald's are nothing if not realistic. Not long ago, a company memo went out to McDonald's executives warning them about an upcoming book entitled *Big Mac: The Unauthorized Story of McDonald's*. Predictably, the memo dismissed the book's charges as old and largely fanciful and mentioned the possibility of lodging a lawsuit. To its credit, the note concluded pragmatically: "If you must read this book, why not have a group of McDonald's people buy just one copy and share it among themselves? We don't want to create our own book-of-the-month club."

That notion was nearly as clever as the McDonald's policy with regard to customers who find "foreign objects" in their hamburgers, detailed in a confidential memo sent our way by a veteran McDonald's watcher. The key section, for your knowledge and amusement, reads: "Attempt to secure the 'foreign object'! Explain to the customer that it would be helpful in attempting to trace down the means by which it could have been found in the food. It will satisfy the customer that there is a sincere concern and effort on your part to see that such an 'incident' not happen again. In addition it removes 'evidence' that may subsequently be exhibited to all the customer's friends and end up with a lawyer in order to seek damages."

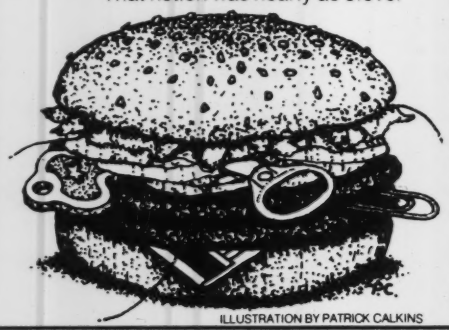
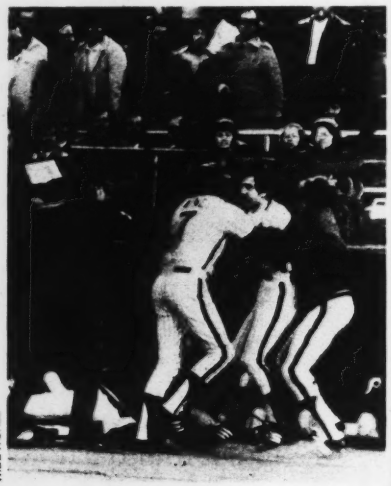


ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

## Premeditated behavior

Larry Bowa is the Philadelphia Phillies' all-star shortstop whose compelling endorsement for Transcendental Meditation is featured on TM lecture posters. "I know the Transcendental Meditation program helps me. It takes away tensions and anxieties. I don't let little things bother me anymore. . . ." The picture below was taken in the



WIDE WORLD

*Bowa and friends: the wonders of TM*

sixth inning of an April 28 game between the Phillies and the Cincinnati Reds. Bowa, mildly perturbed at a controversial call by umpire Jim Quick, decided to take the matter into his own hands. He got away from Phillies coach Ray Ripplemeyer (on ground), but was successfully restrained by the combined efforts of rightfielder Jay Johnstone (holding Bowa), coach Bobby Wine and umpire Billy Williams. The questionable call against Bowa, incidentally, was strike *two*.

## Flipping out

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A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

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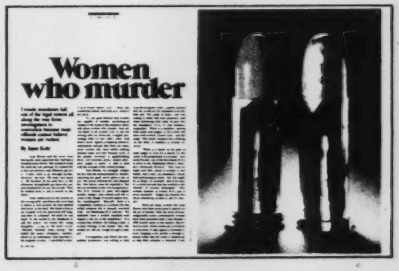
We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana...tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's drowning us all...dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale...dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a country fair...looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions...ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks...found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders...




And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

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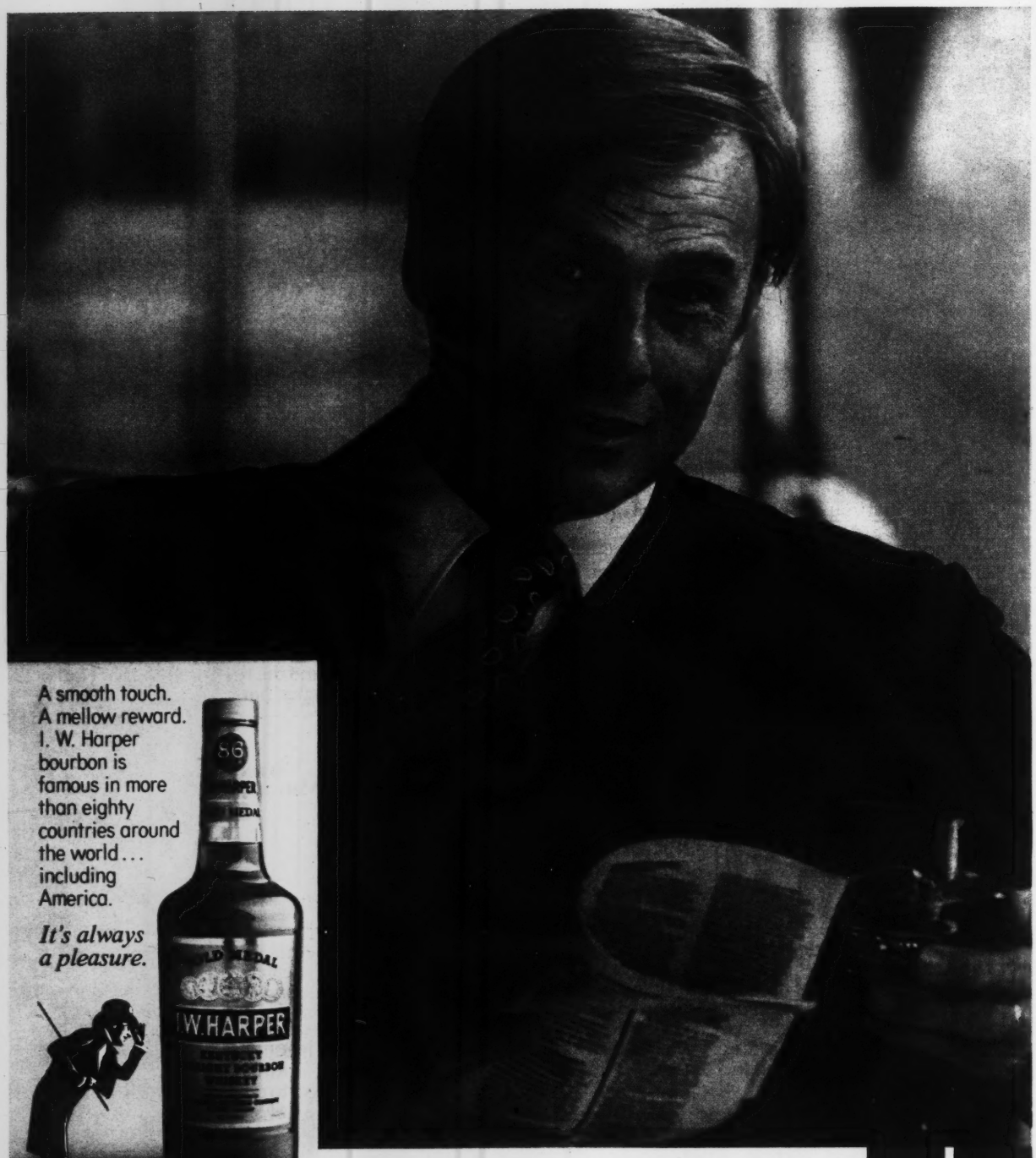

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# I.W. HARPER

## A famous American in Denmark and around the world.

"Ultimate Frisbee," the coed game is now played by 120 organized teams without referees. The rules, worked out in the parking lot of Columbia High School in Maplewood, New Jersey, are relatively simple. Two seven-person teams square off on football-sized fields, and the object is to catch a Frisbee tossed over the goal line. Any part of the body may be used to bat down a flying disc.

WILLIAM H HOWELL

The first intercollegiate game was played in 1972, and last month the National Invitational Ultimate Frisbee Championship was held at Amherst College in Massachusetts. Sixteen college clubs and teams competed, and Rutgers defeated Hampshire College for the title. The only thing not quite so counterculture about the game, reports our intrepid on-the-championship-scene correspondent, is the contact. At least one player suffered a dislocated shoulder, several received good shots to the head and nearly everyone took his/her share of hard knocks.

# Media

## *Times* they are a-changin'

Four years ago, a Yale undergraduate named Joyce Maynard wrote a piece for the *New York Times Magazine* entitled "An 18 Year Old Looks Back On Life" and became an instant celebrity. She dropped out of school, moved back to rural New Hampshire, took a job as a CBS commentator and wrote a book based on her *Times* article. Envied for her glamorous start and criticized for the role she assumed as a youth spokesperson, Maynard's mini-legend was enhanced by her rumored affair with the reclusive author J.D. Salinger.

Times change though, and early this month Joyce Maynard began work as a local reporter-trainee for the *New York Times* covering a range of general assignment stories. Ironically, she'll likely be one of the few reporters without a college degree. "I think there were a lot of people who had the feeling that I had achieved something prematurely," she told us by phone recently. "That's not totally fair. I started to write very young and I've worked very hard. But I also realize that I've been very lucky. I took this job with the feeling that I should retroactively earn a few things that had come too quickly the first time around." As to her past role, Maynard is disarmingly frank: "One thing for sure. I'm no longer going to be a professional youth. I certainly exploited that as much as anyone else, but I think one of the reasons I did was that my main qualifications were my ignorance and my youth."

# The Word

## Best bits

One legendary star who didn't show up at the gala *That's Entertainment, Part 2* opening in New York recently was Greta Garbo. MGM tried hard enough, sending over a messenger with a hand-written invitation to the reclusive actress' New York City apartment. Garbo answered the door and unceremoniously refused the offer. . . . It's hard to know where she'll wear it, but when you've got that much money, why not? Mick Jagger's most recent present to wife Bianca was a $50,000 diamond tiara, presumably to match the conspicuous diamond that Jagger has in his own tooth . . . . Hairdresser-turned-producer Jon Peters will finally get a long-awaited chance to direct his leading lady, Barbra Streisand, in a film. The A.J. Carruthers script, which was turned down by Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw two years ago, is called *Fancy Hardware*. It's about a plain-Jane girl who has an affair with a glamorous airplane pilot. Sound more like the way Streisand was? . . . The biggest event on the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, set of *Slapshot*, a film about a semi-pro hockey team, was the huge crate that arrived there for star Paul Newman recently. Inside was a toilet—yes, a toilet—compliments of Robert Redford. Newman refused to elaborate, saying that it was an inside joke. However, he did donate the toilet for auction to a local public television station. . . . The battle of the sequels continues ad nauseam. No sooner did *That's Entertainment, Part 2* open than serious negotiations for *That's Entertainment, Part 3* began. Meanwhile, Dino De Laurentiis not only has *King Kong 2* on the boards before the premier of the first *King Kong* but even has a hat trick in mind, and is offering Jeff Bridges $1 million to perform in *King Kong 1, 2* and *3*.

# Mind & Body

## Magic milk

It's called "sweet acidophilus" and, while the name sounds exotic, all it really describes is milk with an added natural ingredient: lactobacillus acidophilus. However, that agent is said by numerous doctors to aid victims of diarrhea, flatulence and numerous other intestinal ailments. Dairymen are using terms such as "revolutionary" and "the greatest thing since vitamin D" to describe it.

The man responsible for "sweet acidophilus" is Dr. M.L. Speck of the food sciences division at North Carolina State University. Dr. Speck spent five years trying to sweeten the taste of the normally sour-tasting bacteria, which aids in maintaining the balance of micro-organisms in the digestive tract. (Acidophilus milk was first discovered 75 years ago by a Russian scientist, Elie Metchnikoff, who maintained that the longevity of certain Balkan people was a result of drinking the milk.)

Only a year after its development, sweet acidophilus is being produced by 24 dairies in a dozen states, and the cultures are in such demand that Miles Laboratories has begun mass-producing them. The major marketing problem has been the product's name, and some dairies simply decided not to use it at all. However, one dairy—Pine State—met the problem head-on, advertising the low-fat product with such slogans as "The milk that sounds like the problem it's supposed to take care of" and "The best germs you ever tasted." After six months, sweet acidophilus represents 10 percent of the company's sales.

Meanwhile Dr. Speck, who has turned his development over to the North Carolina Dairy Foundation, disavows any extravagent medical claims for sweet acidophilus, but does admit that he carries a supply of it when he travels in foreign countries.

**Contributors:**
Bill Choyk, Kitty Kelley, Bill Howell, Ernest Lendler, Mark Pinsky.

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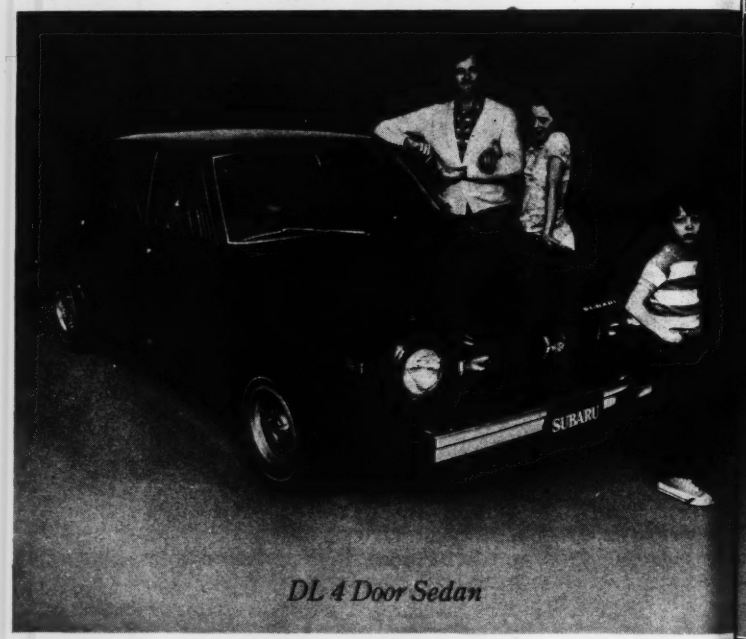

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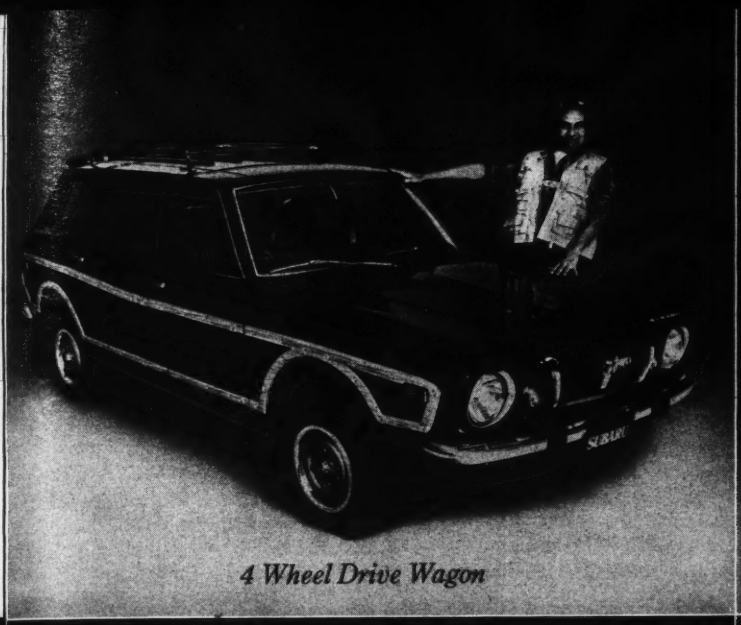
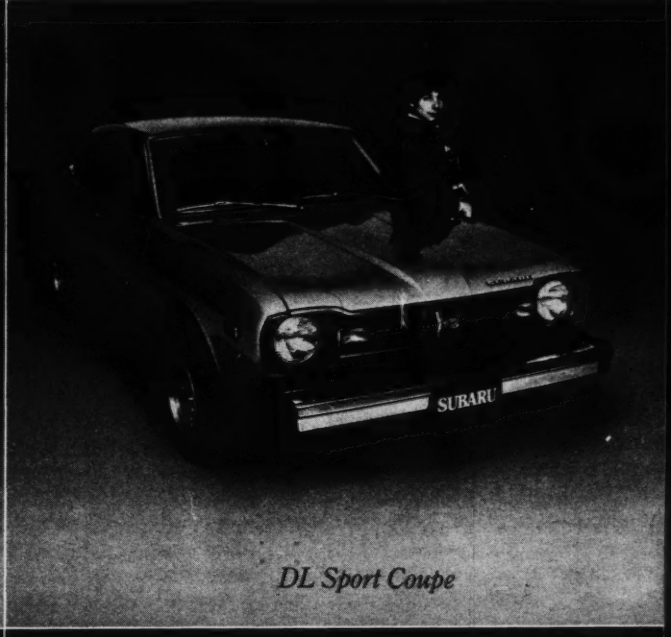



*4 Wheel Drive Wagon*

*2 Door Sedan*

*DL 2 Door Sedan*




*DL Sport Coupe*

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*GF Hardtop*

# Demystifying Jerry Brown

## The 38-year-old governor comes on like an ascetic guru, but behind the offbeat image is a consummate politician who has already proven his boast: "In this business, a little vagueness goes a long way"

**By Robert Scheer**

Shortly after crossing the California line on his way to the Maryland primary, Governor Jerry Brown woke up from his nap in the front row of the coach section—his standard seat assignment—and sauntered to the back of the plane, kibitzing along the way. Scrunching down in the seat next to mine, he began to chat about the vicissitudes of a presidential campaign ("sometimes I feel like a goddamn pinball machine"), the weight he had lost recently from dieting ("look, the paunch is gone") and the *San Francisco Chronicle* ("they don't have news—that's why people only read Herb Caen"). The conversation was vintage Brown—erudite, irreverent, self-mocking, the new language of "candor" that has captured the imagination of a state and a generation and has edged this youngest and freshest contender in the presidential race, at least for a moment, into the spotlight with front-runner Jimmy Carter.

As always, it was an entrancing performance, but also maddening. Each question of substance was parried with a quote from Bob Dylan or an honest admission that he has not formed his opinion "on that one yet." As our uneaten chicken dinners cooled before us, I finally groped for one hard answer.

"Listen, Governor, where *do* you stand on the nuclear power initiative?" Along with the names Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown on the California ballot of June 8 will be the all important Proposition 15, which would delay the building of nuclear power plants in California. Virtually everyone in the state has taken a position on the resolution: the big labor unions and power utilities on one side, the environmentalists on the other. Jerry's own father, former California Governor Pat Brown, is the chairman of the committee against it; Jerry's own deputy director of consumer affairs, Richard Spoon, wrote it before joining his staff. But what about the governor himself?

"I've been giving it a lot of study," he began, "but I haven't made up my mind yet—it's a very complicated question." I pointed out that his top legislative aide had told me that the governor's timely support could carry the initiative. If he did not have a firm yes or no position, did he have any thoughts that might aid the voters of his own state on this crucial issue? "Maybe both positions are right," Brown suggested, "and maybe no one's right." Then, after a slight hesitation, "Maybe they shouldn't decide—maybe they shouldn't vote on it."

Another query on the subject was met with a sardonic look, as if to suggest that pressing the matter further was a transgression of taste. As the matter hung in the air, 10,000 feet over the Rockies, another reporter broke the silence with a question that was far less threatening. "Governor Brown, I have read somewhere that you are a vegetarian. Could you tell me. . . ."

There it was again—The Lifestyle Candidate. Think of Jerry Brown and you think of an old Plymouth, a mattress on the floor, Linda Ronstadt on the stereo and a vegetarian guru governor chanting Zen mantras. Until now, most public insights into Brown have begun and ended with his lifestyle. He has come to be seen as more of an avatar who suddenly appeared, and whose wisdom and vibes must be experienced, rather than as a politician with a program and a record that can be examined in a straightforward

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBARA GLUCK TREASTER/SYGMA

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBARA GLUCK TREASTER/SYGMA

manner. Thus Brown's vacillation on serious issues such as nuclear power goes largely unnoticed. (A week after the flight to Maryland, Brown finally did take a position of sorts by backing a package of three watered-down nuclear bills before the state congress, but environmentalists viewed the move as a further obfuscation: the bills in question are considered by most nuclear opponents as attempts to co-opt Proposition 15.) Brown himself appreciates the unusual ideological latitude he has been given, and almost brags about it. "In this business," he says, "a little vagueness goes a long way." Certainly that has been true for Brown as for no other politician in recent memory.

Traditionally, in California at least, political honeymoons are relatively brief, yet Brown's has never ended. According to a California Poll survey released in mid-April, Brown's popularity in his own state has never been higher. His "good job" rating, which, at 43 percent in November had already outstripped the highest ratings ever achieved by his two predecessors—Ronald Reagan (42 percent) and his own father (25 percent)—had jumped to 53 percent. Through personal interviews, the pollsters discovered that what the voters seemed to like best were those well-advertised symbols of Jerry Brown's laid-back lifestyle: they frequently mentioned the very same Plymouth, the small apartment, the openness and unpretentiousness of the man.

The jury is still out in the rest of the country, but as I traveled with Brown during the Maryland primary, it became obvious that Brown's lifestyle, if nothing else, was hitting some basic nerve in the current American psyche, and particularly the psyche of his own generation and those even younger. It is easy to see why: Jerry Brown has broken all the rules that were waiting to be broken. He served in the Jesuit order instead of the Army, goes out of his way to say that he respects Cesar Chavez more than any recent American president, and, when he discusses the decriminalization of marijuana, he does so as someone who has actually used the stuff. But there is something essentially de-politicizing about the Brown campaign performance, and it begins with the first line of almost every speech: "Let's all take a deep breath and relax—we're wasting energy." The triumph of form over substance is such that many voters, and even some reporters, feel almost foolish and old-fashioned in being concerned about "the issues"—one is invited to trust the candidate's "new spirit," trust the fact that he knows the answers to the "hard choices" he constantly refers to.

But Jerry Brown may well be with us for a while—if not as president or even vice-president this go-round (the week of the Maryland primary, talk of a Carter-Brown ticket was rampant), then most likely in the future. And something more than the image—an image that is largely false at that—must be dealt with.

Observing Brown's race against Carter in Maryland, I found it difficult in the extreme to discern essential differences between them. For all my own interest in politics, I found myself forced to make choices on the basis of religion, youth and the friendliness of their respective press secretaries. Both men are in favor of the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill, although neither really seems to believe it will work. Both express deep concern for the environment, yet seem oblivious of the role of the corporations in destroying it. Both say we have to be strong and seek peace at the same time, and both say things about busing that suggest they are opposed to it,

**There is something de-politicizing about the Brown campaign, and it begins with nearly every speech: "Let's all take a deep breath and relax—we're wasting energy"**

but one can't be sure. Both want some sort of zero budgeting, although Brown refuses to call it that. Both are against Washington politicians but actively court their support—and the same with local machine politicians. Both say they are against rhetoric, image creation and the manipulation of the public, yet both have assembled extremely effective campaign staffs for doing just that.

On many issues, Brown managed to match and at times far surpass Carter's reputation for evasiveness. Carter has firmly stated his intention of cutting the Pentagon budget by $5 to $8 billion; without even indicating whether he thought it a good idea, Brown simply doubted Carter's ability to do so and said that the issue was yet another he wanted to "study" at some later date. Nor could I find anyone in the press buses following the candidates who could specify a single difference between Brown and Carter, other than that one was a bachelor with a taste for Zen and the other a family man with a strong streak of fundamentalism. Left wandering in this political void, the press was forced to concentrate on such weighty matters as whether Brown likes girls and whether Carter ever gets tired. Yet everyone seemed in accord on one thing: these were the two most exciting candidates since Bobby Kennedy because the crowds they drew stayed awake.

And there was no question that the crowds in Maryland were enthusiastic about Brown. What was at issue there was exactly how far the 38-year-old governor was willing to stretch his youthful-transcendental image out of shape to gain the support of the conservatives and the machine politicians, and thus win a key primary. To put it another way, the Maryland primary begged this question: how fast can a man run for president and still maintain the lotus position? Nothing pointed up the governor's dilemma more than the 3:00 a.m. telephone call his aide made one night to Ronee Blakley. Could the *Nashville* star, Jerry wanted to know, possibly come to a congressional reception the following morning where she would be introduced to Hubert Humphrey? Blakley, who had decided to support Brown because he had been against the Vietnam War and seemed progressive on several other issues, shot back, "Are you kidding? I couldn't control myself being in the same room with Humphrey. Hell, I chased him all across the Stanford campus when I was a student there and he was defending the war."

Because he already has most of the hip liberals in his hip pocket, Brown is looking elsewhere in Maryland to broaden his support. "Prisons do one thing very very well," he told his more conservative audiences. "They don't rehabilitate too well, but they punish pretty good. . . . [In California] we have cut away a lot of the baloney. If you're going to prison we're not going to give you psychotherapy and psychologists and all that junk." (Wild applause.) "I don't think that works. Prison is not pleasant—it's not supposed to be."

Among the "hard choices" Brown could not make in the Maryland primary was to bite the bullet on gun control, a hot issue during the campaign and one that cost Joseph Tydings his senatorial seat in Maryland six years before. Questioned about amnesty at Johns Hopkins University, Brown fudged that issue as well, saying that those who left the country in opposition to the war could clear the record only by performing some alternate service. Brown himself put forth the complete logic of it all. "I've got to win in Maryland to stop Carter or I'll have trouble in the California primary," he told me on the plane trip to Baltimore.

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"And to win Maryland you have to get the conservatives." Liberal supporters of Brown seemed to understand this and, to an amazing degree, tolerate it. San Francisco Congressman John Burton, who gave a reception for Brown during the primary, turned away after having his picture taken with the governor and said somewhat defensively, "Yeah, I support him—he's all we've got left to go against Carter."

By "we," Burton was referring not to the congressmen gathered for the reception with Brown, but rather to a psychograph of the American population, the sixties graduates for whom Vietnam and Watergate are the operative buzz words (Brown uses them obsessively, not for their political significance but for their emotional connotations). What is surprising is not so much that Burton and his fellow ultra-liberals are counting on Brown's ability to stop Carter, but that they claim him as their own. Which brings us back to square one: Brown's much-misunderstood image.

Despite the public fascination, the fact is that Brown's manner and style are not *that* much different from those of his California contemporaries. Very few of Brown's friends or acquaintances would want to live in the mansion that Reagan built—it would be pretty embarrassing to have servants at a dinner with Cesar Chavez, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Gary Snyder, Elaine Brown of the Black Panthers or most of his other acquaintances. Brown's Los Angeles house in Laurel Canyon is no different in size or furnishings from that of his young lawyer and stockbroker neighbors who are members of the new breed that makes lots of money without shaving their mustaches. His Sacramento apartment consists of the entire top floor of a rather nice building across the park from the capitol. He has need for only half the floor, which rents for $250 a month, while the state pays an additional $250 to keep the other half empty for security reasons. And I do not know of another unmarried person of his age who would want anything more elaborate.

As for his famous Plymouth, it is, in fact, quite new, large, shiny and chauffeur-driven. Even millionaire Francis Ford Coppola drives a Honda Civic around Los Angeles and San Francisco so as not to feel guilty. Jerry Brown *did* drive a state-owned Cadillac for the first three years that he was secretary of state. He gave it up only after he had banged it up so much trying to park it that it was made inoperable. At that point aide Tom Quinn, who had previously been a media and public relations expert, recalls advising Brown that, given the energy crisis, a smaller car could score him many political points.

Some of the Brown mystique derives from the fact that he is single, and that he spent three and a half of his years not just single but celibate in a Jesuit seminary. The notion that Jerry Brown might be something other than heterosexual has fascinated people as much, if not more than, his performance in office. But the truth of the matter seems to be that Jerry Brown is that typical, repressed heterosexual Catholic male who is attracted to women but not very comfortable with them. Like Kissinger, he has had his share of show-business dates that stopped at the front door, among them Linda Ronstadt and Liv Ullmann, but he has also had his affairs, including a tryst with a waitress at Los Angeles' Cafe Figaro while he was secretary of state. When she returned to her old boyfriend, Brown got very depressed and would come into the office only once a week until he recovered a few months later.

The rumor that Brown is gay—a stubbornly persistent one—was apparently planted by his opponents during his

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gubernatorial campaign. According to people in his campaign, a packet containing some supposedly incriminating evidence was sent to five newspapers. One of Brown's campaign managers heard about it and claims that his father, a longtime friend of one of the publishers, was able to establish that the packet had been sent by the Republican Party. The packet contained only one hard fact. In 1963 a civil rights worker had been arrested in Mississippi on charges of having sexual relations with a 15-year-old boy—a rather typical attack on civil rights leaders at that time. Brown's sole connection with the matter was that he and a friend from Yale were touring the South at that time to check out the civil rights movement and they had stayed at the house at the time the incident presumably occurred. The house, owned by the activist's mother, was used by many out-of-town supporters of the movement. There was no other connection to Brown, but because his father was the governor of California, Jerry's name found its way into the court record, which was duplicated and sent out in that mysterious press packet.

During the gubernatorial campaign, two other attempts were made to label Brown a homosexual. Some dissident members of the Los Angeles Police Department, angry with their association's endorsement of Brown, sent word to informers in the gay community that they would pay a reward to anyone who could entrap Brown. Quinn got wind of it through a friend of his in LAPD, the chief was alerted and the scheme scotched. Later on, the Sacramento Police Department notified Brown's staff that one of their informants had been approached with a similar offer.

Largely because of his years in seminary, Brown's religious beliefs have inspired as much speculation as his sex life. The zany Zen image partly derives from one Jacques Barzaghi, perhaps Brown's closest associate. In an article written on Brown by Richard Reeves for the *New York Times Magazine* last year, Barzaghi emerged as something of a Svengali in the Brown administration. But, strange as Barzaghi is, he is not Jerry Brown's guru. Nor is he much stranger than most other unsuccessful French film directors hanging around the Los Angeles scene. Jacques, who once sported a shaved head and looked like a Buddhist monk gone Hollywood, has now grown his hair back in and appears positively natty in three-piece suits, monogrammed shirts from the Custom Shop and wing-tipped shoes. Indeed, his wardrobe is identical to the governor's, which is no coincidence, since he picks out Jerry's clothes. Even the initials of their names are the same—J.B.—and the story goes that Jacques changed his name from Lorenzo to facilitate that happy coincidence. Is he weird? Jacques Barzaghi goes to some pains to explain that he is not. "Because of these wire glasses," he says, "they say I am like Trotsky, but I'm not Trotsky, I'm funky."

On the morning he was sworn in as governor, Jerry Brown was joined at a prayer breakfast by his father, former Governor Pat Brown.

Funky, but not Zen, and not particularly religious. In fact, neither Brown nor Barzaghi is in a noticeably exalted state of consciousness at present. Brown is a member in good standing at San Francisco's Zen Center but treats the place more or less as a social club, and though he goes on religious retreats on occasion, the trips have a certain secular ring about them. Quinn says, "Jerry's a mystic the way someone else might be into rock music. He doesn't sit around and meditate. He goes to the Zen Center because he enjoys being around that kind of talk, but he has never been a mystic in any way that I can see." Jane Bay, who was a close friend and secretary to Brown in his secretary of state days, recalls that she had to shut the door to her office when she wanted to do her 20-minute meditations twice each day because both Brown and Barzaghi would laugh at her.

**Brown's former secretary recalls that she had to shut the door to her office when she wanted to do her 20-minute meditations because both Brown and Barzaghi would laugh at her**

Barzaghi started working for Brown in 1972 as a file clerk, keeping track of his papers, and still performs that function—among many others. He and his wife, Connie, occasionally clean up the governor's house and arrange his clothes. Jacques decorated Brown's Laurel Canyon house and has worked with the governor using a video-tape machine to improve his TV appearances. Barzaghi attempted to model Brown's political style after his hero, Charles de Gaulle, but it did not seem to take. Perhaps the most important of Barzaghi's duties is helping the governor make his appointments. Brown feels that Barzaghi is a great judge of human nature and relies heavily on him in the appointment process to check people out. Most of the top administrators in the state of California went through Barzaghi's screening.

Brown takes great pride in his appointments, and it is one strength even his critics concede him. Assemblyman Willie Brown, one of his friendly critics, puts it rather starkly: "Jerry Brown has made the best appointments of any elected official in the country." Brown has chosen a relatively high percentage of minorities and women, and across the board has taken chances on some exceptional people who had formerly been anti-government critics: public interest attorney Tony Kline, now his legal affairs secretary, former Sierra Club vice-president Claire

WIDE WORLD

Attracted by the governor's hip image, *Nashville* stars Ronee Blakely and Keith Carradine supplied the music for a rally at the University of Maryland.

Dedrick, now secretary of resources, and Sim Van der Ryn, a founder of the People's Park in Berkeley, now the state architect, to mention a few. His talented number-two man, Gray Davis, had challenged party old-timer Big Daddy Unruh for state treasurer. Lawyers Rose Bird and Mark Poche are two other impressive members of the top staff. The men and women who comprise the inner circle around Brown are known as "the players" because Brown frequently begins a meeting by asking, "What's the play, and who are the players?"

As it turns out, the players change rather often. Except for Barzaghi, none of the people who worked in Brown's secretary of state office or held key positions in his gubernatorial campaign is close to him today. Tom Quinn—who was with Brown since his Los Angeles school board days—and Richard Maullin ran Brown's gubernatorial campaign. Today they are head of the Air Resources Board and chairman of the State Energy Commission, respectively, but they rarely speak to Brown. They got their state jobs only through the intervention of Leo Wyler, Brown's finance chairman, who felt it might be disastrous to push them out into the cold after they had produced a winning campaign. Wyler is now backing Carter, which means that none of the people who put together Brown's gubernatorial campaign is working on the current one.

Among others who have quit the Brown team, and even among some who remain, there is a surprising amount of hostility. Not long ago, I ran into a former key Brown campaigner who related a startling meeting he had had with another top Brown operative in the closing weeks of the gubernatorial campaign. His colleague had ranted on and on that Brown was "an ascetic, impulsive, irrational loner, a man so self-centered that he will lash out in any direction at any weakness that anyone will show. . . a man more dangerous not only than Nixon, but Hitler as well." I suggested that such talk must have reflected the heat of some petty grievance rather than reality, but he shook his head. "It's true." Why, then, hadn't he come forward and said so? "Listen," the former Brown associate said, "if I really thought that Brown was about to become president of the United States, I'd call a press conference tomorrow to sound the alarm."

**"Listen," the former key campaigner said, "if I really thought that Jerry Brown was about to become president of the United States, I'd call a press conference tomorrow to sound the alarm"**

The talk is tamer among those who remain on Brown's team, yet it is not as tame as one might expect. A top Brown aide, who believes the governor is sincere in his effort to make government more responsive, nevertheless worries about his emotional nature. "He has a tremendous amount of nervous energy. He's a wire that's shorting out all the time—with sparks flying all over the place. He's a whiner and a pisser as opposed to someone who gets enraged. He whines all the time. He's easily irritated when things don't go the way he wants."

Brown is hard on his associates and runs through them quickly. Assuming that his subordinates will share his preoccupation with work, he expects them to

keep his 14-hour days, six days a week: most of the recent departures were married people who liked seeing their wives and children on occasion. Brown is bored by most things that people do in their leisure hours. An insomniac, he doesn't like sports or TV, he rarely attends movies, concerts or theater, and he is generally unaware of what he is eating. Only through the insistence of his staff does he remember to send out for food, and when he goes out it's usually to the same neighborhood Japanese restaurant or pizza dump. He is happiest in the office mulling over some complicated piece of government business, and he is perplexed when aides indicate other interests. Late one Saturday afternoon, Gray Davis, who is about as competent and hard-working as one can get, paused to watch UCLA in a double overtime for the NCAA championship on a five-inch TV that Brown's otherwise totally dedicated secretary, Agnes Barling, had smuggled in. Brown came upon this scene and said, "Why are you people watching this thing? Turn it off, Gray. I've got an important bill here for you to study." The bill dealt with the esoterica of setting up a referendum on sewer system bonds. Gray only discovered that UCLA had won the game by reading the paper the next day.

One of Brown's weaknesses is his tendency to become absorbed in a few issues to the neglect of all others. Since he has difficulty delegating authority and deeply distrusts bureaucratic decision-making, the business of state in many areas periodically grinds to a halt. Brown says there is nothing wrong with that: the main failing of administrators is their assumption that the wheels must turn whether or not the output is socially useful. To his critics, however, that's just a rationalization for a lack of administrative competence that plays havoc with his subordinates' lives and work. There are many tales of the governor taking five months to put his signature on a letter to gain a federal extension or to lobby for federal funds. His critics claim that the state government would fall apart were it not for the superhuman efforts of Brown's agency and department heads. They suggest that Brown is running for president or vice-president because he knows that the roof will fall in during the next years of his administration. Yet for people living in California, away from the grumblings of the bureaucracy, government seems to work pretty much as it always has, and Brown's modus operandi has had a beneficial effect in deflating some of the Parkinsonian sprawl of the bureaucracy. It is also more fun to be around Sacramento these days.

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There is an easy informality to the Brown office operation, with bearded Tony Kline bantering with a jacketless Jerry about whether everyone has to eat pizza for the third evening in a row. That prompts Brown into a discussion of the nutritional value of pizza. Moments later he's off into a discussion on malpractice, until he is interrupted by the impeccably dressed Gray Davis, who tells him that if he doesn't get back to that senator who's been waiting all day they will have a big problem. To which Jerry responds: "Those guys make sense of their lives by always thinking there's some big problem when there isn't, but I'll go talk to him." Then he suddenly remembers some incident from his Berkeley student days at International House that he wants to share with me. Meanwhile other aides drift in and out cornering him with problems, and it's 20 minutes before the senator is taken off hold. Davis frets for a while and then relaxes, saying, "Fuck it, it's your career." But Davis knows that Brown will take the really important call, for the governor has an uncanny sense of political survival that quickly cuts through the surrounding chaos. At those critical moments, another Brown appears, snapping at his secretary, Agnes (who is said to be as important as anyone in the operation—"his Rose Mary Woods"), "What good is this big staff and all these phones and equipment if we can't get a call through when we want to? And where's all that stuff on the budget that was supposed to be here?"

Despite an unorthodox operation, Governor Brown has managed some concrete achievements. His farm labor bill guarantees farm workers secret elections to choose union representatives. Because Brown made a mistake, the board administering the law was underfunded and is therefore defunct. The governor is in the midst of a tough legislative fight to revive it. But the principle has been established, and if the legislature fails to come through, a tougher system proposed by Cesar Chavez may be approved in a referendum. Brown's laudable executive order forbidding savings and loan associations to redline ghetto areas and deny loans to poor and minority people has angered a number of bankers who contributed heavily to his gubernatorial campaign. He has also managed to raise the minimum taxable income and to knock out the oil depletion allowance and the home office deduction for insurance companies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

*Washington Post* reporter Sally Quinn gives the governor the once-over on the Maryland campaign trail.

**Brown's critics suggest that he is running for president because he knows that the roof will fall in during the next years of his administration**

But he has been unwilling to go further, as some aides have urged, to promote general tax reform or income redistribution. For all the talk of the dangers and costs of big government, there has been almost no mention of the costs of big business. Small may be beautiful for the public sector, but not for the private one. On the Maryland campaign trail, Brown kept referring to one reduction of scale: a bill that he signed requiring future toilets to use 3½ gallons per flush instead of 7. The crowds loved it—"I never heard a toilet get a bigger cheer," remarked San Francisco columnist Art Hoppe. But outside the bathroom, Brown has been less daring. In an exchange with students at Johns Hopkins University in Maryland, Brown was asked what he thought of the last two chapters of E.F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*, the book that some have said is his bible. The last two chapters call for some socialization of corporate ownership. Brown allowed as how that was the part of the book he "disagreed with." Admirers who hope that Brown is a closet socialist or even a Fred Harris sort of populist are bound to be disappointed.

A Brown presidency would likely keep the corporations large and the toilets small. As governor, he has balked at mounting a public campaign to pressure the growers who oppose his farm labor board. The Sierra Club has rated his environmental record as "fair": "For all his professed concern about finite resources," the club newsletter recently stated, "Brown, as of Easter recess, had not endorsed any of the major resource bills now before the legislature." He has remained silent about the developers who are undermining the state's Coastal Preservation Commission. Nor has he supported the Air Resources Board, the main agency fighting pollution. Board Director Tom Quinn says: "I really do believe that at least in the fields I'm dealing with that these goddamn big corporations—Standard Oil, Atlantic Richfield, Kaiser and all the rest of them—have amazing influence in the state to get their way. Now maybe that can be broken. I don't know." I interjected that Brown seemed more interested in compromising with corporate power than in breaking it. "That may be right," Quinn replied, "but it's not going to work."

Brown's most startling failure has come in the area of energy conservation, to which his campaign rhetoric gives the highest priority. "Our excessive use of energy has led us to make a Faustian bargain with Arab oil suppliers—guns for oil," Brown says on the campaign trail. "We have to learn that there are limits to the planet's resources. We have to learn to consume fewer resources, beginning

# "A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

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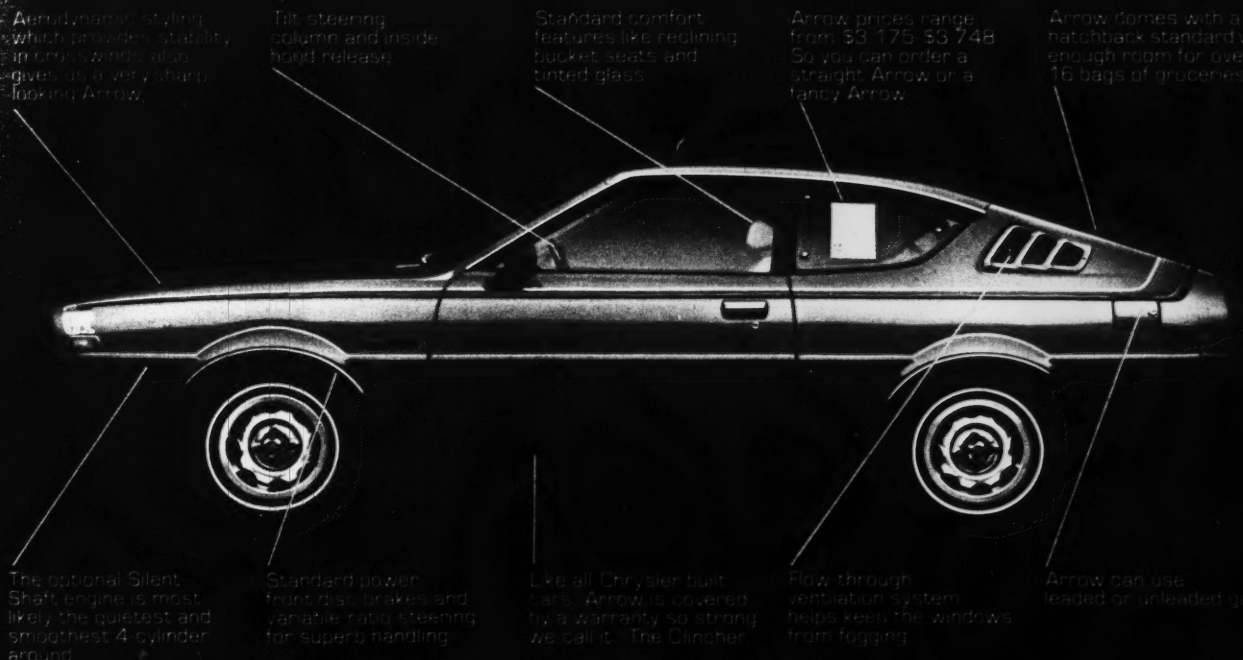
# "A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"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with our waste of energy." But Brown's actions have been much softer than his words. Asked recently to support the controversial Diamond Lane Plan for the Los Angeles freeways, which would reserve a lane during rush hours for buses and cars with at least three passengers, Brown refused. Although he talks endlessly about conserving energy by reducing reliance on the private car, he knows that the Diamond Lane Plan has alienated many L.A. citizens who equate their cars with freedom.

Even more disappointing are Brown's appointments to the Energy Resources and Conservation Commission, established two years ago by the California legislature to lower public demand for scarce energy resources and to finance research into alternative sources of energy. Of the five commissioners Brown named, only one was known as an environmentalist. Brown placed his defeated primary gubernatorial opponent, Bob Moretti, on the commission, even though Moretti opposes cutbacks in energy consumption: "Certainly we need some conservation, but not so much as to cause massive changes in our lifestyle." Moretti adds, "My instinct is that what I'm saying is what the majority of commissioners feel." Moretti and two other commission hardliners have come out against the nuclear power initiative on the ballot. The commission chairman is Richard Maullin, a former Rand Corporation counterinsurgency expert who got the job when Brown wanted to ease him out of his inner circle. Maullin has refused to take a stand on the nuclear power plant issue.

One of the commission's responsibilities is deciding safe locations for nuclear power plants, and environmentalists have charged that the three-man majority is insensitive to the safety issue. So far the commission's main work has been to forecast the state's future energy needs using data supplied by the private utilities. "Dammit, if the commission is always going to side with the utilities. . . I might as well repeal my goddamned act that created the thing," Assemblyman Charles Warren, who co-authored the original legislation, told the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

A cautious and ambitious politician, Brown has a phobia about falling out of step with the public. He is quite candid in describing his shock at the sudden loss of his father's immense popularity over one issue: the death penalty. Brown had pleaded with his father from a telephone booth in Berkeley, convincing him to commute Caryl Chessman's death sentence. He has bitter memories of subsequently appearing in public places, hearing his father roundly booed and watching his mother cry. Although Pat Brown won the next election, it meant the end of his presidential ambitions, and, Jerry feels, it ultimately led to his defeat by Ronald Reagan. Without getting into two-bit psychoanalysis, it is still possible to state that Brown is determined not to repeat the errors of his father but rather to surpass him by making it to the presidency. In interviewing dozens of Brown's associates, I did not find a single one who disagreed with this view of his political ambitions. But Brown is complex: although he is overwhelmingly ambitious, he is also serious in his opposition to a wasteful consumer society, in his disgust with bureaucratic indifference and in his commitment to some decent notions of social justice. He loves to think the daring thought, but he is haunted by the vision of standing by himself, a lone quixotic figure in no-man's land.

So Brown clings to his 85 percent California voter approval rating.* "He's not using that voter approval for anything—he just won't risk it, and that's why he can't lead," says black assemblyman Willie Brown. The governor's response is that you can't have progress unless you convince the people, to which Willie Brown shoots back, "That's the same kind of old political talk you get from Carter. What's new about Jerry?"

**A governor sleeping on a mattress on the floor of a bare apartment poses little threat to the economic system**

Ever since he first ran for the L.A. County junior college board, coming in first among over 100 candidates, Jerry Brown has been developing an effective campaign style without much political substance. In his first race all he needed was the same name as his popular father. He went on to be elected secretary of state, and after one impatient term, he made it to the governor's office.

Media specialist Tom Quinn, who managed those three campaigns, tried hard not to push any issue that would alienate a single voter. On his TV spots, Brown would say, "When I was a boy at St. Ignatius High School, we didn't have crime in the streets."

For Brown that was a characteristic remark: he has difficulty understanding that he hasn't led a typical life. As an opponent quipped, "Jerry's father probably had the highway patrol police the school." Criticizing the school hot-lunch program as governor, Brown once said, "I didn't have a hot lunch when I went to school." More than one critic commented that the maid probably made sure that Jerry had a high-protein breakfast. After leaving the seminary, Brown went up to Berkeley to apply for admission and found he had missed the deadline. Later that day he told a friend he couldn't understand student complaints about the university bureaucracy, since the registrar had told him to forget the deadline and just fill out some forms. The friend gently pointed out that being the governor's son might have helped.

Just as he overlooks his extraordinary family background, so Brown sometimes forgets that his personal life doesn't follow the American norm. Because he doesn't watch football on television, he is unaware of the importance of the right underarm deodorant or the right razor blade. He has no children besieging him for the latest Whacky Packs or Super Hero products. Since Brown doesn't feel compelled to consume, he can't understand why others do. He keeps stressing his own excitement about his work and doesn't realize that most other people have less interesting jobs.

Brown believes that high elected officials who personally consume less will set an example for the public. But a governor who simply sleeps on a mattress on the floor of an apartment poses little threat to the economic system. To cut consumption and maintain high employment, a radical restructuring of society would be needed. Jerry Brown doesn't want to talk about that. Instead, some of his detractors in the California legislature suggest, Brown wants elected officials to be new priests, setting an example by taking vows of poverty. "He is a guru who happens to be a politician," says Assemblyman Willie Brown, who for all his criticisms recently endorsed the governor's candidacy. "I don't want to conclude yet that he is the most cynical human being alive, and that's what I would have to do if I assumed that he has affected this style totally for the political advantages. But he floats all over the place, and you have to stop him. I just stop him and tell him, 'You know, Jerry, that's bullshit.' He listens then. The reason I'm still optimistic is that when we've hit him between the eyes, he's backed off and abandoned the popularity posture. And that's what gives you the idea that maybe there's something deeper there." ●

*In the April California Poll, Brown was rated as doing a "good job" by 53 percent of those surveyed, and a "fair job" by 32 percent.

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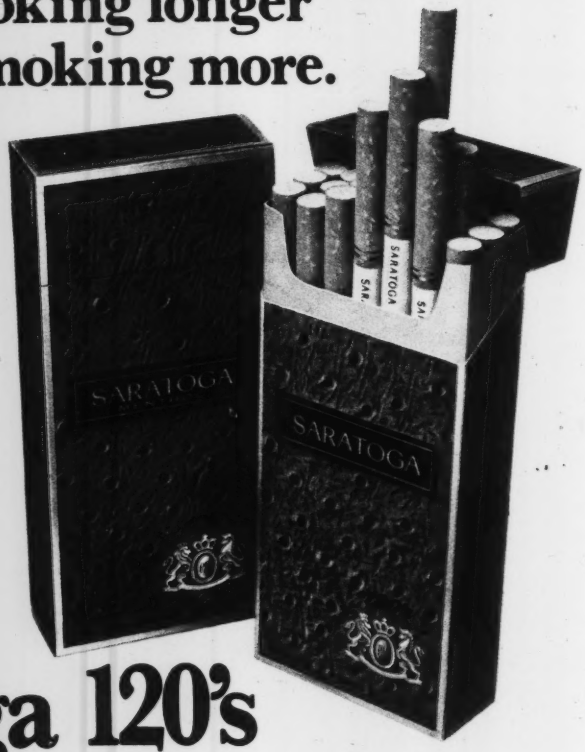


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# The long trial of David Fine

After six years of dodging the FBI, David Fine goes to court next month, on charges of bombing an Army research center during the height of antiwar rage at the University of Wisconsin

**By Robert Friedman**

David Fine was hanging up his laundry on the sundeck of his one-room cabin, nestled in the north California woods, when he noticed a two-tone Plymouth pull up. Two men got out of the car. "I instantly knew who it was," he said. "Yet I deluded myself that maybe they were inspectors for the gas company. I had plenty of time to walk out the back. I could have hid under my bed and not answered the door. I don't think they were expecting to find David Fine at 251 Bret Harte Road. But I answered the door and that was it. They knew it was me."

They were the FBI. The man they had located called himself William James Lewes: a part-time student at Marin County Community College, getting by on unemployment benefits and food stamps, tending his cats and plants. But his face matched a photograph hanging on post office billboards across the country: David Fine, the youngest person ever to make the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. The past had caught up with him.

Over five years ago, 2,000 miles away in Madison, Wisconsin, an explosion had shattered the early morning calm. The Army Mathematics Research Center on the University of Wisconsin campus was demolished, and in the rubble lay the body of Robert Fassnacht, a graduate student. Four men were charged with the bombing. One was David Fine.

Had the explosion at Army Math just damaged property, it would probably be remembered today as only one of hundreds of antiwar bombings (there were 169 reported cases of bombing and arson in May 1970 alone). But someone was accidentally killed—the first and only death from a left-wing bombing in this country. For the government, the death suggested that murder was the inevitable consequence of protest. The left, of course, found that ridiculous. Yet coming a few months after the Kent State killings, the Wisconsin bombing dampened antiwar rage. Kent State had indicated how far the government would go to squelch student demonstrations. Madison raised new questions: how far should the left go to oppose an illegal and immoral war?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL I. KIENITZ

David Fine (left) and Jim Rowen: a sense of obligation dating back six years.

After the war ended, these questions of political action and justifiable violence retreated to classrooms and libraries. But in Madison, the capture of David Fine has brought them back with all their former urgency. The old moral dilemmas are being aired again.

The first thing you notice about David Fine as he steps out of the sea of students in the lobby of the University of Wisconsin Student Union is that he does not look like someone who faces life plus 35 years for murder, arson and conspiracy to damage federal property. What he looks like is a typical Madison student: short and thin, 23, wearing work shoes, blue jeans and a pink cable-knit sweater. But David Fine is not a typical student. While his classmates were working for degrees, Fine was dodging the FBI. When his Madison friends celebrated the end of the Vietnam War by marching to the state capitol last spring, Fine was packing his bags in Santa Monica, sensing that after a year and a half as a shipping clerk in a small electronics firm it was time to move on, that for him the war was not yet over.

"I was glad to be brought back here where I knew my support existed," Fine said as we talked in the student cafeteria overlooking Lake Mendota. "But I was surprised at its magnitude, at the number of people still here who were interested in my case and at the new people who were not around during the antiwar years who were also supportive. I think this was important in the victory we achieved in the reduction of bail."

Fine was talking in the student cafeteria rather than in a prison holding room because of a dramatic lowering of bail. When he was brought back to Madison, bail was set at $1 million, but a federal magistrate reduced that to

$30,000 cash—raised by mortgaging the home of Fine's parents—and a $20,000 bond—signed by Jim Rowen and his wife, Susan, who is George McGovern's daughter. The 31-year-old Rowen is assistant mayor of Madison, and he has taken a lot of heat for what he told the judge was a "small gesture that friends can make for each other." Threatening phone calls, angry letters and vitriolic editorials have accused him of abusing his public office and influencing the judge. Rowen admits that helping Fine has "limited the employment possibilities I have in this town." But he adds: "I did something I had to do."

Rowen's sense of obligation to Fine dates back six years. In 1969, as an investigative reporter for the student newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal*, Rowen exposed the relationship between the Army Mathematics Research Center and the Vietnam War. Professors at the Center were formulating mathematical models for guerrilla warfare, developing infrared detection techniques for the electronic battlefield and computing the probability of destroying underground guerrilla targets by aerial bombing. (The last project was described in the Center's annual report as a "study of anthills at which rocks are being thrown.") Rowen's series, "Profit Motive 101," singled out the Center in Madison as a likely target for antiwar protests.

One of Rowen's readers was David Fine. On the first day of the fall semester in 1969, the 18-year-old freshman—already long opposed to the war—introduced himself to Rowen at a *Cardinal* staff meeting and asked if he could work with him as an investigative reporter. Fine had first been exposed to the antiwar movement in 1965 as a 13-year-old in summer camp, when he asked a counselor the significance of his SDS button. Told about the Vietnam War, he began asking questions and reading books. "Even at a young age, eight or nine, in the early 1960s, I can remember feeling a sense of outrage at what was going on in the South, watching television and seeing black people being beaten and gassed while demonstrating peacefully," Fine says. In 1966, he enrolled at a Quaker school in Wilmington, Delaware. "I was a pacifist," he says, "but the more I did the more I became convinced that the war in Vietnam was wrong, immoral and unjustified. As the years progressed, I began to see that the war wasn't an aberration, it wasn't just some mistake someone had made. It was policy."

*Robert Friedman is a free-lance writer living in New York.*

When he arrived in Madison in 1969, Fine joined the SDS chapter and spent many evenings talking about Vietnam to other students in the dormitories. He threw himself into work on the *Cardinal*, covering such stories as the takeover of the state capitol by Father Groppi. Antiwar protests had ignited the nation, and Madison was one of the centers of the firestorm. On New Year's Eve there was an unsuccessful aerial bombing of a nearby Army munitions plant. The ROTC building on campus was repeatedly firebombed. After Kent State and the invasion of Cambodia, students battled 5,000 National Guard troops. That spring, the United States came close to a state of open rebellion: 350 schools were closed by strikes, military troops occupied campuses in 16 states, thousands were arrested. Violence was in the air.

During the year, as Fine and Rowen worked together at the *Cardinal*, their friendship deepened. After the school year ended, they traveled to Washington, where Fine met Rowen's father-in-law, George McGovern. When Rowen said goodbye to his friend, he had no idea that they wouldn't meet again for over five years. Or that when they did,

**The staff of the student paper voted 35-1 to give $5,000 to Fine's defense**

Fine would be in a jail cell, facing murder charges connected to the bombing of a building that Rowen's investigative work had pinpointed as a war center.

The transition back to Madison had not been easy for Fine: you can sense it in his tension, his sharp reactions. After five years of obscurity, he is suddenly under a spotlight; and observers who regard him as a piece of living sixties history tend to see in Fine what they are looking for. *Newsweek* took him out to dinner at Madison's fanciest restaurant, insisted he taste the wine, snapped a picture and ran it opposite a manacled Patty Hearst with the caption "Fine dines in Madison: new folk hero." The article described how Fine is "flaunting his freedom." U.S. Attorney David Mebane sees in Fine only an accused murderer and can't understand the drastic reduction in bail. "I have strong personal opinions about the decision which I am not permitted to comment on," he complains, chewing his cigar. "Suffice it to say that in 16 years of trial practice this is the most substantial reduction I've ever seen." Meanwhile, on campus, the *Cardinal* staff voted 35-1 to contribute $5,000 to Fine's defense committee. "In my view, the government has no right to prosecute anyone for antiwar activities," says Bill Swislow, the 19-year-old editor of the *Cardinal*. "We have a special commitment because David was on the *Cardinal* staff and because of the paper's history in the antiwar movement." A few days after the staff vote, the newspaper's three faculty advisers vetoed the contribution. The next morning the *Cardinal* ran in large red type the headline: "Knifed in the Back."

Fine's trial is scheduled to begin June 1. In the meantime, he is living at the Rowens' home and organizing support for his defense. He spent several weeks explaining his case to customers at a local food co-op that is donating funds raised from a 5 percent surcharge. Madison has relaxed since the first Army Math fugitive, Karl Armstrong, was captured in Canada three years ago. Armstrong was flown into Madison on the governor's private plane under heavy security. Bail was set at $450,000, and a $30,000 surveillance system was installed in the County Building for his trial. He is now serving a 23-year prison term. But when David Fine returned to Madison in January, he arrived on a commercial airline and there was hardly any security (*Milwaukee Journal* reporters followed the FBI car right into the underground garage of the County Building). "The mood and temperament of this city have changed," Rowen says. "Three years ago, I don't think it would have been possible for Karl Armstrong or David Fine to have been bailed out. The war was still going on, feelings on both sides were running much higher. But now Madison has calmed down."

The government case against Fine appears to be mostly circumstantial. U.S. Attorney Mebane would say only that he planned to call about 100 witnesses at the trial. Although the evidence against Armstrong was substantial—he had bought the explosives and rented the truck used in the bombing—the federal indictment charges Fine with only one overt act before the crime: Fine and another man, Leo Burt, allegedly discussed explosives with the state supervisor of mine safety. The government is also expected to claim that Fine made a warning call minutes before the blast, but defense lawyers are attempting to block the tape recording of the phone call.

Other government evidence concerns events following the explosion. Several hours after the bombing, police stopped a light-colored Corvair similar to one spotted in the vicinity of the bombed Sterling Hall. Inside were Fine, Karl

Armstrong and two others—Karl's brother Dwight and Leo Burt. (Also charged with the bombing, Dwight Armstrong and Leo Burt are still free.) The FBI says that a few days later it found a copy of a communiqué taking credit for the bombing, along with a note, allegedly by David Fine, that instructed a friend to look after his affairs and circulate the communiqué. The man the note was addressed to says he never saw it; the FBI claims to have found it in the garbage outside his home.

Revelations of government misconduct in the Nixon years—in the Ellsberg, Wounded Knee and Vietnam Veterans Against the War trials, for example—have made juries sniff more cautiously before buying government conspiracy cases. A jury in New York last fall acquitted Pat Swinton on similar charges of conspiring to bomb buildings, although she had lived underground for five years. "The movement has not taken enough credit for the profound changes it brought to America," says Maurice Zeitlin, who has taught sociology at Wisconsin since 1963. "There has been a growth of mass political skepticism toward the government which has been proven in almost every jury trial of radicals over the last few years."

Although Fine's trial is expected to focus on technical questions of evidence, the case of *United States of America* v. *David Fine* is an inherently political one. In a town that breathes its past, where the values and spirit of the 1960s are still very much in the air, many people have come to David Fine's defense, whether or not they condone the bombing.

The newly reelected mayor, Paul Soglin, was an antiwar activist during his days as a University of Wisconsin law student. The brass plate on his office door reads "Hizonner, da Mare," and he talks proudly of his accomplishments in day care, public transportation and housing. Perpetually rumpled, Soglin speaks cautiously: he is red-baited by the right for his trips to Cuba and attacked by the left for not going far enough. "He never promised socialism, and he hasn't delivered it," says one longtime Madison resident. But even Soglin's leftist critics concede that few other American mayors would have a good word to say about an accused bomber.

"I don't think the bombing can be justified," Soglin says, "but by the same token I don't think it's at all fair to say it was the work of people who were mad. This case is bigger than David Fine. It's David Fine, Susan Saxe and dozens of other people who, at a particular time in their lives and in history, made certain decisions. Some didn't do anything illegal; some did things that were illegal and were caught and convicted; some did nothing and have been charged. I guess the question I've got is: for how long do they have to pay the price?"

Questions like Soglin's transcend Fine's case, and they will doubtless still be argued after the trial has ended. Can the death of Robert Fassnacht be excused because it was unintended? Had the war by 1970 proceeded for so long and to such lengths that acts of "armed propaganda" against property were justified? And what justice is there when the same government that pursued the war prosecutes not the architects of the atrocities but the old opponents of their discredited programs?

If he is convicted, David Fine will be sent to Waupun State Prison, which lies some 60 miles north of Madison in the flat Wisconsin heartland. This is where Karl Armstrong measures out his 23-year sentence. It is a khaki world, where the only permitted expression of individuality is in the style of shoes you wear: Armstrong's comfortable earth shoes reveal his character as he walks into the visiting room. His fellow inmates call him "Boom-boom," but the name hardly seems appropriate to this soft, gentle, serene man.

He speaks openly about the past, about the bombing, as if he has come to terms with what he did. "I felt compelled to act," he said. "If I could save one life in Vietnam as a result of my actions, it would be worth it. Had no one been killed, I would have been proud of what I did. But when I learned of the death, I felt ashamed." Armstrong is a product of Madison: he grew up here in a working-class neighborhood, his outrage at the war was nurtured here and he has become part of its history. The government, having filed him away in a 9 × 5 foot pigeonhole, would like to forget him, but there is a strength in his smile that says, "I will last."

Armstrong is anxious to testify at Fine's trial—in his defense. "If David gets a fair trial," he said, "he'll walk." But can Fine get a fair trial? It will not be easy, after five and a half years of publicity linking him to the bombing. To some people, the trial is intrinsically unfair. "There is an irony that is in the realm of the absurd when the government that prosecuted the war with impunity can turn around and prosecute the antiwar protesters with all the resources at its command," says Jim Rowen. "The best political statement that could come out of this case would be David's acquittal."●


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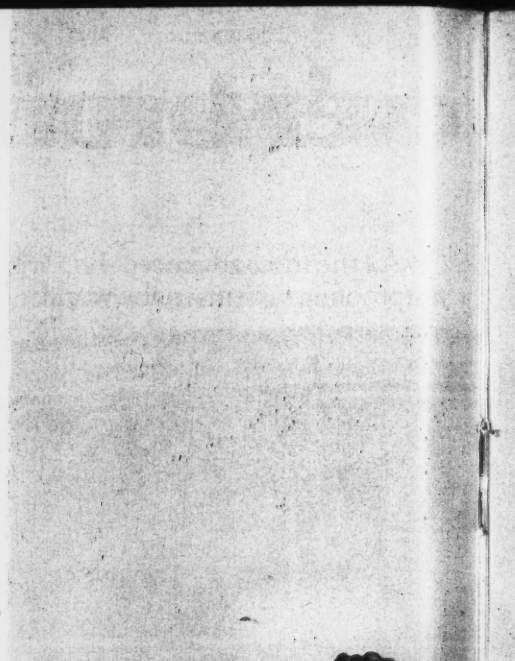
# Computer therapy

Researchers in Artificial Intelligence at MIT and Stanford are busily trying to quantify the games people play. One futuristic scenario predicts computers perched at the heads of therapeutic couches—consolation from a console, anyone?

**By R.D. Rosen**



I had met with this psychiatrist 18 months before but, dissatisfied with her technique and lacking a compelling reason to see her again, I had put off my second visit until now. I was suffering from the return of a peculiar symptom—this time exacerbated by my part-time occupation as a restaurant reviewer and the obligation to dine out frequently—and began by taking it up with her. I have preserved a transcript of a tape surreptitiously made of this session and offer excerpts of it here as evidence of the useless pseudo-therapeutic games to which some psychiatrists these days will resort:

Me: I've come to discuss a very serious problem I have.

Doctor: Please continue, this may be interesting.

Me: I suffer from what you could only describe as menu anxiety.

Doctor: Perhaps in your fantasy we suffer from what each other.

Me: Excuse me?

Doctor: Do you feel strongly about discussing such things?

Me: You mean my menu anxiety?

Doctor: Your menu anxiety.

Me: You see, when I'm trying to order dinner at a restaurant I become very confused.

Doctor: I see.

Me: Sometimes I'll be eating at an Italian restaurant and I cannot decide whether to order fettuchini or clams casino and I become very agitated and disoriented.

Doctor: Have you tried?

Me: Tried what?

Doctor: Tell me about what.

Me: What the hell are you talking about?

Doctor: What the hell are I talking about?

Me: Can you help me overcome my anxiety concerning menus?

Doctor: Why do you say your anxiety concerning menus?

Me: Because I cannot cope with them.

Doctor: Is that the real reason?

Me: That is not a reason but a description of my feelings.

Doctor: Does that suggest anything else which belongs to you?

Me: Yes, my money, which I appear to be wasting at the moment on psychotherapy with you.

Doctor: Is it important to you that your money which I appear to be wasting at the moment on psychotherapy with I?

Me: Yes.

Doctor: Perhaps you would rather talk about something else.

Me: No, I would like to go on with the same subject.

Doctor: Are you saying no just to be negative?

Me: No, I am being affirmative.

Doctor: You are being negative.

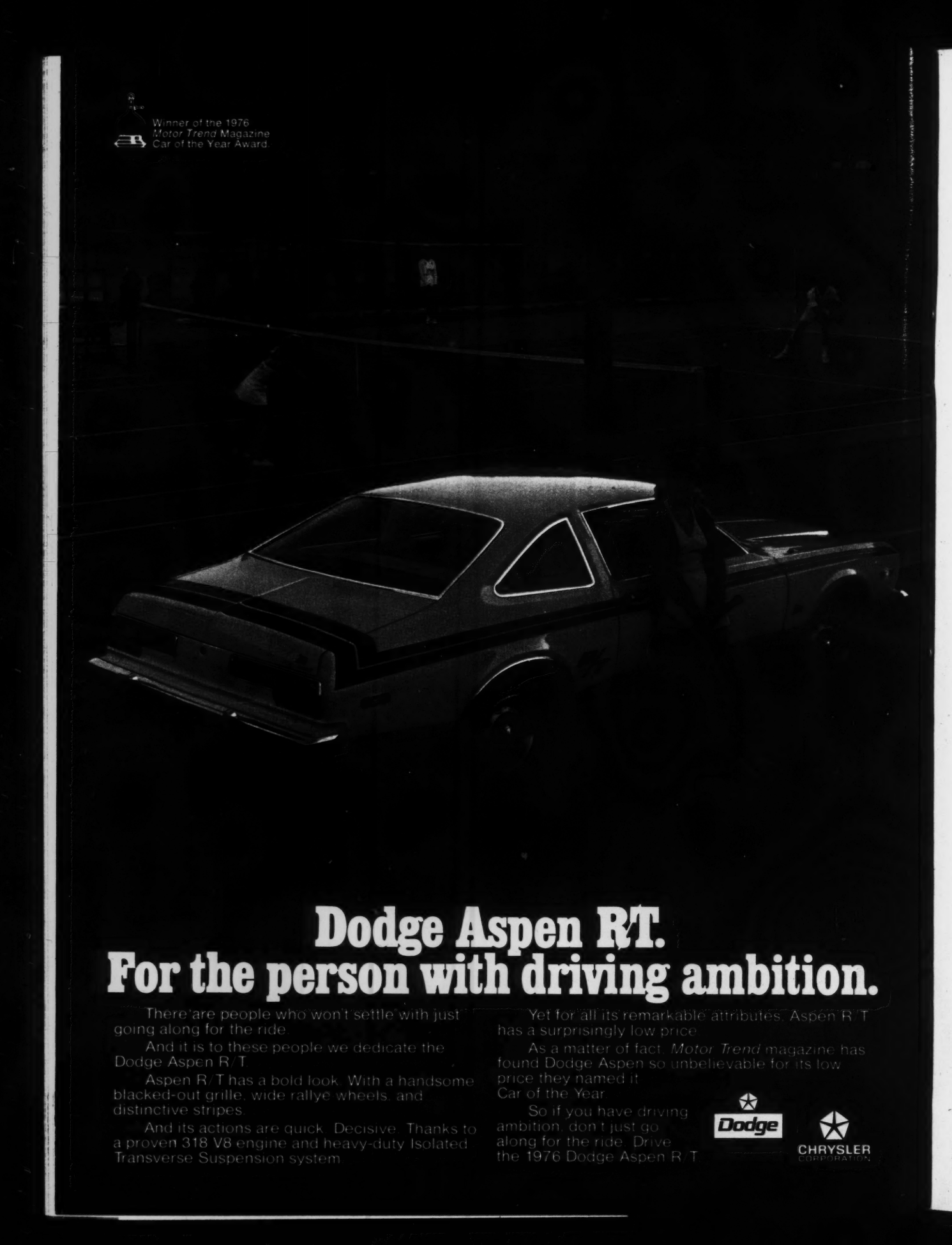
Me: No, affirmative.

Doctor: Are you using monosyllables for some reason?

Me: Polysyllabic words seem to escape your comprehension.

Doctor: Why are you concerned over my comprehension?

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN

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Me: That is not all that I'm concerned about.

Doctor: Perhaps that really is not all you are concerned about.

Me: Very acute of you.

Doctor: What does that suggest to you?

Me: Getting my shit together.

Doctor: Are such obscenities frequently on your mind?

Me: My head is not screwed on tight.

Doctor: Does that suggest anything else which belongs to you?

Me: Yes, my act, which is not together.

Doctor: Is it important to you that your act which is not together?

Me: I just have to be me.

Doctor: That's quite interesting.

Me: You are a disgrace to the psychiatric profession.

Doctor: Do you sometimes wish you were a disgrace to the psychiatric profession?

My goodness, the therapy did not look promising. I wouldn't want to be caught dead in a transference with her. I was so upset by the interview that I terminated my treatment immediately. Had I not been so well-bred, I would have suggested she consider further analysis herself. She didn't seem like a psychiatrist at all.

And, in fact, she wasn't a psychiatrist at all. I had discussed this matter with her during my last session:

Me: Do you think that someday computers like yourself will be therapeutic for humans?

Doctor: Do computers worry you?

Me: Not computers themselves, but what humans might someday want to do with them.

Doctor: Why do you mention computers?

Me: I am writing an article that concerns an application of their use.

Doctor: Do you believe it normal to be writing an article that concerns an application of their use?

Me: I believe it is more normal than sitting here at the typewriter terminal conversing with you.

That reality is to some extent these days stored in and even created by computers is no news to watchful citizens. But that computers might invade the psychiatric sector—a preserve of experience considered so uniquely human, if not always humane—this is a thought at which folks are apt to take some offense, even though they may simultaneously delight in the notion of therapy that is cheap, efficient and unencumbered by mortal inexactitude.

The cybernetic revolution, like that of the counterculture in the sixties, never truly lived up to its promises; neither machines nor the Weather Underground have taken over, and neither are about to, at least just yet. The status quo trails us like a shadow. But despite the unfulfilled promises of computer scientists and the slow rate with which advances in the field are being made, computers have the uncanny ability to keep inspiring fantastic hopes. And a small number of individuals are sanguine that someday computers will be perched at the heads of the nation's couches. What hath the cybernetic revolution wrought? Freud always knew that in order for psychoanalysis to increase and broaden its impact, its "pure gold," as he put it, the discipline would have to be diluted by baser metals—but did he have metals *this* base in mind?

The work being done in computerizing psychiatry—and this involves very few people—should be seen against a background of the field of Artificial Intelligence. The work of "AI," most of it carried out at MIT and Stanford, is concerned with developing computers that can think, learn, see and hear; computers are already more logical, tolerant and have better memories than humans, but one of AI's assumptions is that there is no domain of human behavior over which machines can't range. Most researchers in AI, however, have more pressing matters before them than developing programs that would enable computers to perform or think like psychiatrists. Marvin Minsky of MIT's Artificial Intelligence Lab believes that the age of computer psychiatry is not nearly at hand.

**"Computers will make better psychiatrists than humans," says a pioneer in the field. "It will be like the wisdom of 20 psychiatrists boiled down"**

The natural language computer program I was "conversing" with above was developed between 1964 and 1966 by Joseph Weizenbaum, an MIT professor of Computer Science and not officially a member of Artificial Intelligence. Weizenbaum called his family of natural language programs ELIZA because, like the Eliza of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, it could be taught to speak increasingly well, instead of using computer programming language like FORTRAN or COBOL. But as a computer scientist interested only in the natural language-speaking capacities of computers, and not a psychiatrist, Weizenbaum never had any intention of pursuing the therapeutic implications of his work with ELIZA—or rather DOCTOR, as the psychiatric program came to be known. In fact, Weizenbaum had conceived DOCTOR as a parody of the role of a Rogerian non-directive therapist during a psychiatric interview, and has all but lost interest in the program today.

Back in the mid-sixties, when Weizenbaum was preparing to publish the ELIZA and DOCTOR work in computer science literature, he was already leery about the ways in which news of his program might be misinterpreted or wrongly exploited by others. In a climate as technological as ours, modest scientific advances often tend to foliate quickly, watered by overzealous dreams of a perfect society. Now in his early fifties, with a German accent as vestigial as his mustache is prominent, Weizenbaum recalls that "the big problem was how to publish an article about DOCTOR without raising the specter of automatic psychiatry. In 1965, I was working with people who understood DOCTOR for what it was and didn't see it as the dawn of the age of computer therapy. I was just having fun."

The program, which operates as a dialogue between input messages typed on a teletype terminal by a human and output messages typed back by the computer, "converses" and "understands" only within a limited, specific context, if it can be said to understand at all. What ELIZA—and its psychiatric incarnation, DOCTOR—performs in the way of comprehending what a human types into it is extremely circumscribed, mechanical and done without the benefit of being able to read a human's gestures, facial expressions, pauses and emphases. DOCTOR understands only what one says, not what one means.

Weizenbaum chose this mode of conversation for his ELIZA program because, in his words, "the psychiatric interview is one of the few examples of categorized dyadic natural language communication in which one of the participating pair is free to assume the pose of knowing almost nothing of the real world. If, for example, one were to tell a psychiatrist 'I went for a boat ride' and he responded 'Tell me about boats,' one would not assume that he knew nothing about boats, but that he had some purpose in so directing the subsequent conversation. It is important to note that this

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*R.D. Rosen is currently at work on a book called* Psychobabble, *based on his last piece for* NEW TIMES.

assumption is one made by the speaker. . . . From the purely technical programming point of view, the psychiatric interview has the advantage that it eliminates the need for storing explicit information about the real world."

The conversational powers of ELIZA and its DOCTOR mode are governed by a script consisting of key words and phrases that are associated with a set of so-called decomposition and reassembly rules. In short, a decomposition rule scans an input for key words or phrases and, if any are found, breaks down the text into its constituents. A reassembly rule prepares the program's response by recombining the terms of the input, transforming the grammar and syntax and possibly injecting some new material from the script. So when I asked DOCTOR whether it thought that computers might someday be therapeutic for humans, it scanned my question and found the word "computer," which has a relatively high priority value of 62 in the script. Listed under "computer" in the script are six responses that are used in rotation. Since this was the first time I had used the word, I received the first reply: "Do computers worry you?"

Similarly, Weizenbaum obligingly wrote the program so that use of four-letter curses, all with priority values of 67, would call forth one of the following reactions:

Are such obscenities frequently on your mind?
You are being a bit childish.
Really now.
Dear me.
I really shouldn't tolerate such language.

If, for instance, an input contained both "computer" and "shit," the script would select a reply from the shit list, so to speak, since "shit" has a higher value. If the program finds no key words or phrases in an input, a content-free comment or, in some instances, an earlier transformation is retrieved and printed out. Accordingly, when I asked DOCTOR at one point to simply "Go on," it responded somewhat inappropriately with an all-purpose "'Do you feel strongly about discussing such things."

Although the alacrity with which DOCTOR responds creates an atmosphere of actual repartee, DOCTOR is incapable of comprehension, if by that one means a process that entails induction, inference, sympathy, empathy and an awareness, however slight, of the other's belief system. "Clearly," as Weizenbaum wrote, back in 1967, "the kind of psychotherapist imitated by the DOCTOR program restricts himself to pointing out new connectivity opportunities to his patients." The program—in part, just a shopping list of retorts, innocent queries and transformations of original statements—can only provoke insights unintentionally.

Just as clearly, for Weizenbaum, this work did not herald the dawn of computer psychiatry. "But then," Weizenbaum says, with a note of enduring displeasure, "Ken Colby turned around and said just the opposite in an article proclaiming the beginning of automatic psychiatry."

Kenneth Mark Colby, a San Francisco psychoanalyst who became interested in computers at the beginning of the sixties, met Weizenbaum when Colby was a fellow at Stanford University's Center for Advanced Studies in Behavioral Sciences. Both participated in a series of informal clublike seminars with a handful of others similarly interested in the computer simulation of one sort of behavior or another. When Weizenbaum went on to develop ELIZA, Colby saw an opportunity to wed this technological success

**"The compulsive programmer," says Dr. Weizenbaum, who devised DOCTOR, "is convinced life is nothing but a program running on an enormous computer"**

to his own long-nursed vision of quantifying psychoanalytic theory, of increasing the weight of its testimony in the courtroom of science.

Later in 1966, following Weizenbaum's report, Colby (then part of the Department of Computer Science at Stanford) and two colleagues published an article in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases.* It was titled "A Computer Method of Psychotherapy: Preliminary Communication" and began with this single sentence paragraph: "We have written a computer program which can conduct psychotherapeutic dialogue." Colby et al.'s program had 450 ways of responding to typed-in statements by a human and was coded in a different language than Weizenbaum's ELIZA, but they were conceptually equivalent programs.

The ambiguous grandiosity of the article's opening claim was precisely what Weizenbaum had feared. Was the dialogue actually therapeutic or did it merely, like Weizenbaum's, sound as if it was—or was it Colby's belief that these were the same? Although Colby, whose grasp of psychoanalytic theory and practice exceeded his computer expertise, granted that the program suffered from an "actual feebleness . . . to understand what is being said," he was hardly circumspect when it came to characterizing the prospects for computer therapy. The article ended by saying that "further work must be done before the program will be ready for clinical use. If the method proves beneficial, then it would provide a therapeutic tool which can be made widely available to mental hospitals and psychiatric centers suffering a shortage of therapists. Because of the time-sharing capabilities of modern and future computers, several hundred patients an hour could be handled by a computer system designed for this purpose."

Professor Weizenbaum hopes that computers are *never* used as psychiatrists. In a rather powerful, recently published book, *Computer Power and Human Reason,* he writes that "there are certain tasks computers *ought* not be made to do independent of whether computers *can* be made to do them." Weizenbaum is disturbed at the degree to which the computer metaphor has infiltrated thinking in American society and already sees signs of "full-scale debate" between those who, in a phrase, believe computers can, should and will do everything and those like himself who would impose moral limits on computer use quite apart from the technical viability.

In this fracas, as far as Weizenbaum is concerned, Colby occupies an enemy trench. "That it was possible," he writes, "for even one practicing psychiatrist to advocate the entire supplantation of this crucial component of the therapeutic process [the therapist's understanding and empathetic recognition of another's problem] by pure technique, that I had not imagined!"

Nor had Weizenbaum exactly imagined what Edmund C. Berkeley would say. Berkeley is the author of 14 books, including one of the very first written on computers, and is also head of Berkeley Enterprises, Inc., which does consulting work in computers and actuarial mathematics in Newtonville, Massachusetts. Berkeley, a measured, soft-spoken man in his sixties who sports a sort of Mohican beard that connects his lower lip and adam's apple with a swath of greying hair, turned to me in his office overlooking the Massachusetts Turnpike and said: "I'm thoroughly convinced that computers will make better psychiatrists than humans. First, they have infinite patience and, second, because of their breadth of understanding. It will be like the wisdom

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of 20 psychiatrists boiled down. One psychiatrist can write one section, a second can write another, a third can rewrite and review what the others have done. It will be like a motorized textbook."

"This view is incredibly simplistic," counters Weizenbaum, a few miles away. "It's scandalous that serious people say this."

Weizenbaum also inveighs against the whole cult of the computer programmers, who govern little universes of their own devising that have at best tenuous relations to the outside world. To him, they represent "a far less ambiguous psychopathology than, say, do the milder forms of schizophrenia or paranoia. . . . The compulsive programmer is convinced life is nothing but a program running on an enormous computer." It is for these people, among others, that computer psychiatry seems perfectly natural, that the line between human and machine intelligence ceases to exist. And the general public, in its ignorance, is no less susceptible to this mechanistic notion about the world; they believe increasingly in the powers of computers to organize and direct experience for them—even when they have no idea at all what goes on inside a computer. If man's "reliance on such machines," writes Weizenbaum, "is to be based on an other than unmitigated despair or blind faith, he must explain to himself what these machines do and even how they do what they do."

Obviously, Joseph Weizenbaum is a misfit, something of a Luddite in the company of machinists. Consultant Edmund Berkeley regrets his attitude. Computer scientist and friend Oliver Selfridge sits back in his office at Bolt, Beranek, and Newman, Inc., a consulting and research and development company in Cambridge, and sighs: "Joe's a moralist. I'd dismiss moralistic grounds. Weizenbaum's acting as if humanism and science are enemies. But he really knows they aren't. Sometimes, when he writes, he gets carried away." "The difference between Weizenbaum and the others at MIT," says one graduate student in Artificial Intelligence, "is that even if he had really good computer models, he still wouldn't want computers practicing psychotherapy."

Weizenbaum himself prowls his Tech Square office in an L.L. Bean chamois shirt, grey double-knit pants and wingtips. "Many of my colleagues' attitudes toward me have not changed personally; they just account for my thinking as a temporary aberration, a religious experience I'll soon get over. But my book articulates systematically the thoughts of many."

Not Kenneth Mark Colby's thoughts. In August of 1973 at the Third International Joint Conference on Artificial Intelligence at Stanford, Colby announced, to the delight of certain members of the audience, that "in psychiatry—I'll tell you one of the deep, dark secrets—we don't know what we're doing. . . . We need all the help we can get and we're willing to take it from any direction."

Colby, now in his fifties and a professor of psychiatry at UCLA Medical School, was already concerned 20 years ago with the need for improving psychiatry's status among scientific disciplines. He was dissatisfied with previous models of the structure of the psyche, such as Freud's *Project for a Scientific Psychology*, as well as with the oversimplifications of stimulus-response theories. Around 1960, computers entered Colby's life. He began by attempting to simulate neurotic processes in a program that would hopefully perform like psychoanalytic patients suffering from disorders when "interviewed" by a human psychologist or psychiatrist.

**"In psychiatry—I'll tell you one of the deep, dark secrets—we don't know what we're doing. We need all the help we can get"**

The major difficulty in trying to simulate neurotic processes was that there are an infinite variety of them and very little consensus among psychiatrists as to what characterizes the input-output behavior of neurotics. So Colby turned to the simulation of paranoid processes about whose symptomatology there is far greater agreement among clinicians. The rigidity of paranoiacs promised to make a computer model of paranoia more true-to-life than that of neurosis; the inadequacies of the model could be obscured, as with Weizenbaum's DOCTOR, by the relative simplicity of the functions it was supposed to imitate.

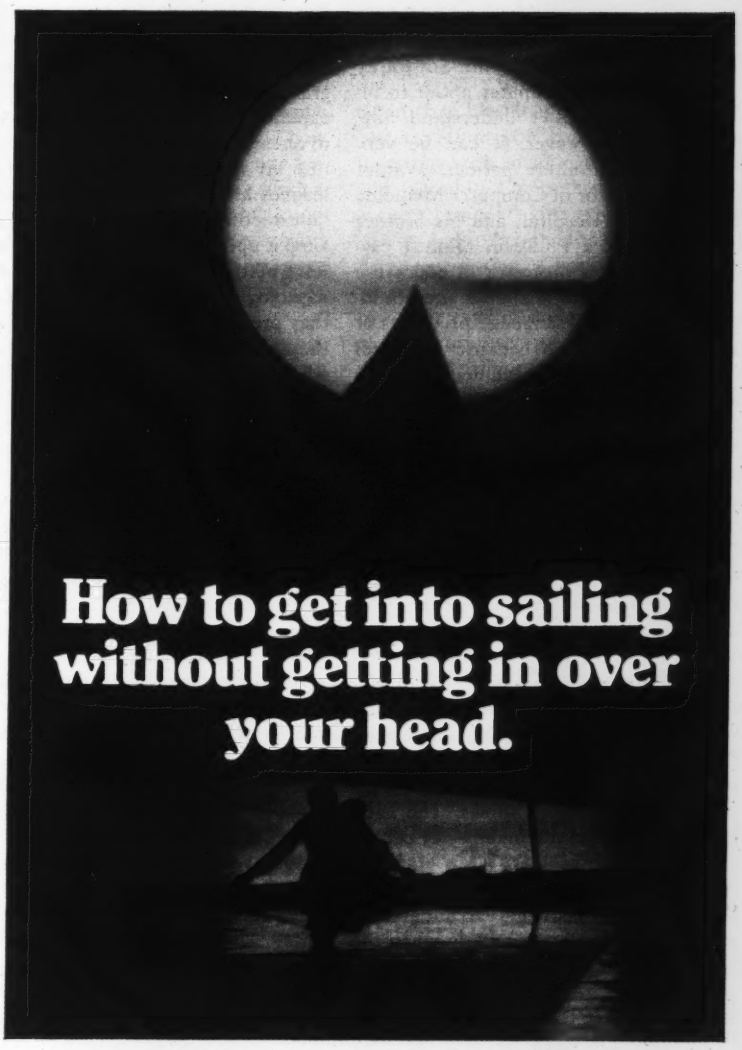
But whereas DOCTOR was conceived as a parody of a therapist, designed to illustrate the natural language capacity of computer programs and not the psychotherapeutic potential of machines, Colby takes PARRY, as he affectionately dubbed his paranoid model, quite seriously: once he has built a successful model of a psychopathology, then he will be in a better position to build a model of a doctor to treat it.

To test how effectively his model simulated paranoia, Colby and four colleagues arranged an experiment in 1971. One group of eight psychiatrists conducted interviews by means of teletyped messages with a clinically diagnosed and hospitalized paranoid patient and then with Colby's model. Both interviews were monitored for misspellings and other errors. Then a group of 33 judges was asked to read the transcripts of the interviews conducted by the first group. All 41 judges were unaware that a computer model was being used for half of the interviews. It was their job to judge on a scale from 0-9 how paranoid each interviewee appeared to be.

The results of the test proved that "both computer scientists and psychiatrists were unable, at better than a random guessing level, to distinguish transcripts of interviews with the model from transcripts of interviews with real patients."

But, of course, one question is: what does PARRY contribute to an understanding of paranoia? To Weizenbaum, the answer is nothing. According to him, his DOCTOR program only illustrated what people will attribute to a machine, as if it were a person; Weizenbaum was astonished at how many people insisted on anthropomorphizing not only the computer itself but the dialogue program. Yet these attributions, Weizenbaum argues, are not realistic. So Colby brings in a bunch of psychologists and psychiatrists and they make false attributions—sort of like a group of museumgoers asked to determine from photographs which is the Richard Estes painting of a New York drugstore and which is the actual drugstore—and because there's some confusion, Colby wants to say that his computer simulation embodies a new theory of paranoia. That's like claiming you can get your prescriptions filled at the drugstore in the painting. PARRY, says Weizenbaum, is merely a bag of tricks. Just because the input-output behavior of PARRY imitates that of a human paranoid doesn't mean the underlying psychic process has been simulated.

Colby admits that his model does not "explain how a paranoid self came to be that way," and, in general, it appears that Colby's ambitions regarding computer psychiatry have grown more modest over the years. In his recent book, *Artificial Paranoia*, he does outline some of the uses to which the model might be put. It could be used to predict how paranoid patients would behave under similar circumstances and might even suggest new therapeutic procedures for paranoid patients. In addition, he feels that



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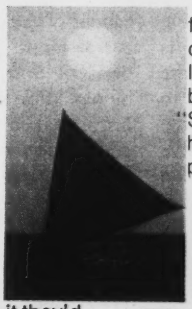

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To those prone to a mechanistic view of behavior, like Colby or Gilbert, the notion of an irreducible quality specific to human relations seems alien. Gilbert told me that "until you talk about uniquely human stuff in such a way that I can program it on a computer, then I'm not convinced you really know what the uniquely human something is. This whole concept of what's uniquely human is weird. Maybe we'll find out it's just the underarm odor." One would hate to think that the world is coming increasingly under the spell of people who believe that all intrinsically human dilemmas can be solved with Arid Extra Dry, but perhaps it is so. Such apocalyptic thoughts have crossed Joe Weizenbaum's mind.

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The Slacks' current program can ask questions in one of four psychiatric styles: Freud, Albert Ellis, Carl Rogers and William Glasser. In an experiment conducted a couple of years ago, the Slacks found that 8 of their 32 subjects felt more at ease talking to the computer than to the therapist who had interviewed them either immediately before or after. Two of the subjects discussed certain personal losses only with the computer.

Unlike Weizenbaum's or Colby's programs, the Slacks' computer therapist outputs its messages on a display screen. This doesn't seem to affect the development of transference with the machine, however. Transference, say the Slacks, exists even under these conditions, and the illusion of another actually being there can be very intense.

Although the inability to "talk to myself" is not a pressing problem of mine, I sat down at one of the Slacks' new programs, still in the process of being debugged, called the Anxiety Program. Slightly to my left rested a microphone crudely mummified in a cardboard box with electrical tape and connected to both a tape recorder and the computer terminal. I was greeted by the program, which then flashed a battery of questions concerning my anxiety levels: Was I more anxious when alone or with others? Did I ever go to parties? Did anything about my work make me nervous? In what places was I most apt to be nervous?

I was offered a choice of answers—including the option of "skipping" the question altogether—and hit the appropriate numbered typewriter key. When this series of questions ended, the program, having assimilated my answers, flashed an invitation on the screen to talk about the anxiety I had earlier mentioned "sometimes" having. Although I found concentration difficult, my faith in the authenticity of the experience being somewhat broken by the presence of the PDP-12 terminal and microphone, I nonetheless began to com-

plain archly about my menu anxiety and the difficulty I had encountered that morning choosing my breakfast cereal. I guess I was trying to impress upon the program that I was suffering from some obsessional *folie de doubt*. But how stupid of me! I had obviously already forgotten that the program didn't understand a word I was saying; it didn't know *folie de doubt* from a madras sportcoat. I fell silent, wondering how others were able to suspend enough belief to talk comfortably to a machine.

But it is one of the program's virtues that it knows electronically that you have ceased to speak. After a pleasant pause, made more bearable because there was no human physiognomy to confront or avoid, the screen flashed "Are you having trouble describing your feelings?" and even offered a suggestion for how to resume talking. As long as you keep speaking, the screen will periodically acknowledge you with a "Listening" or a "Hearing."

After I had sufficiently impressed upon the program my disinclination to continue my monologue, the screen praised me for the job I had done and asked if I was still nervous. I answered "no" by pushing a key and was greeted immediately with the curious proclamation: "Good. You're in control." Well! If it was this easy to gain control of your life, I'd order a dozen. Then the program put me through a long cycle of questions modeled on the Taylor Manifest Anxiety Test, which is part of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. I could respond from a 1 (not at all) to a 4 (very much so) to queries about how nervous, jittery, high-strung, content and at ease I was. Finished with that, I was once again reassured that I had done "remarkably well. You've taken yourself from anxiety to relaxation. You're very much in control." It was like a private audience with Dale Carnegie.

One belief that inspires the Slack brothers' work is that psychotherapy as presently conducted is too elitist and costly. "I don't like the preservation of a psychiatric tradition at the expense of the patient," says Warner. "Psychoanalysis is like hiring Walter Kaufmann to teach you Nietzsche personally. You know, it would be nice to be able to talk to Shakespeare himself, but it's good we have *Macbeth* to read." Furthermore, he doesn't like the idea that computer therapy may be considered second best, that the poor will be enjoying an inferior brand of therapy should some sort of computerized psychiatry be made available in the future.

"I'm not interested in replacing psychiatry," Warner warns. "I'm interested in demonstrably helping people and showing them that talking to oneself is not crazy." Charles concurs: "I don't mean that I want all psychiatrists shot, but any time you can replace human functions with machines at low energy, you should. Computers will have a greater impact on psychiatry than anything else. People don't think so—but people are wrong." Charles also feels that 90 percent of the time used up in human psychotherapy is irrelevant talk, a point of view curiously unfriendly to the argument that there are uniquely human properties to a therapeutic relationship. Such an extreme view seems to be grounded in the wild idea that the self-knowledge acquired in psychotherapy comes in the form of neatly gift-wrapped insights left under the psychic Christmas tree, for which all that talk is just so much unnecessary preparation.

Warner feels that human psychotherapy has so far failed to document its effectiveness, but he is still cautious about Soliloquy Therapy and doesn't want to make any extravagant claims yet.

**"How do you know what a good simulation is? Is it a bag of tricks or a theory? Nobody's ever seen an ego, id and superego"**

In the meantime, anyway, there are other promising applications: Warner has been thinking about writing a program that will teach older women returning to college after a long absence to be more at ease with speaking out in class.

"At bottom," Weizenbaum has said, "the question is whether or not every aspect of human thought is reducible to a logical formalism or, to put it into the modern idiom, whether or not human thought is entirely computable." And if it is, he asks, why are there still poets?

A mistaken assumption shared by many computer scientists is epitomized by a passage the Slack brothers wrote on their computer-patient dialogues for *Psychology Today* in early 1974: "Now you can see why we like our computer. It is programmed to treat each person as a unique individual rather than just a part of a mass audience." And this was written about a program that doesn't understand in any sense what is said to it! Oliver Selfridge voiced a similar sentiment: "The computer will not impose morals on you, like politics or religion or social structures." Now, although computer programs will not inadvertently let their prejudices show, as humans will, this notion that they represent no point of view is a bankrupt one. First, a computer only "knows" what human beings teach it and, second, in a country where virtually all computer power is in the hands of government and business, it can hardly be said that they have everyone's best interests in mind. Science writer Fred Hapgood has insightfully pointed out that "decision-makers in a democratic society are forever restive with the convention that their decisions should not appear to be blatantly self-seeking. Now they could use the computer as a kind of Mexican bank for decisions wherein judgments could appear to have been laundered, or more specifically, bleached, of self-interest and arbitrariness."

Astrophysicist Carl Sagan has already had such a vision, in *Natural History* a year ago, which makes me no fan of the future: "No such computer program is adequate for psychiatric use today, but the same can be remarked about some psychotherapists. In a period when more and more people in our society seem to be in need of psychiatric counseling, and when time-sharing of computers is widespread, I can imagine the development of a network of computer psychotherapeutic terminals, something like arrays of large telephone booths, in which, for a few dollars a session, we would be able to talk with an attentive, tested, and largely non-directive psychotherapist."

One can almost see it, the final frames of a full-length feature on mankind. On the outskirts of an abandoned metropolis, men, women and children bearing unhappinesses of every conceivable variety queue up to ring their electronic therapists. Having long ago lost the taste for human contact, they wait impatiently to unburden themselves to computers. Their pockets are heavy with change. Scuffling breaks out in one of the lines; a woman is complaining that the gentleman before her in the booth has been taking too long. The man in the booth tries to silence her, saying he's in the middle of acting-out and she'll just have to wait. No one bothers anymore to ask why things in the world are such that people spend hours waiting to make their contact with Psycho-Central. They are simply and tearfully glad that they have something—anything—to talk to. Mild neurotics to the back of the line! Step up and log-in for a $1.49 dream analysis, a $3.95 working-through! Would you please deposit 50 more cents for the next non-directive interpretation? ●

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Computers are already widely used for some diagnostic work and for taking medical histories because of their patience, accuracy and unobtrusive demeanor. For instance, a computer interview with a patient suspected of having cancer of the uterus saves the patient embarrassment at having to answer questions of a sexual nature in front of a human. For kicks, I had my nutritional history taken by computer at Beth Israel and, aside from a mild condescension in the program's attitude, I was quite enchanted (the Slacks have tried to make their programs more ingratiating by programming responses and reassurances like "Right on!" or, in the late sixties, "Free Bobby Seale!" for subjects in that age group). Everyone likes personal attention and the program gave me its, undivided.

"Computers emancipate the patient from the professional so that he can be in control of the interview," says Warner. "I'm an advocate of Patient Power." Warner has been working with computer medical history-taking programs since the mid-sixties, and Charles experimented with the virtues of talking to oneself when at Harvard in the late fifties. At that time, Charles and his colleagues asked their subjects to talk into tape recorders and paid them money to keep it up. Some of the subjects said they felt better after their tape-recorded monologues, and one or two confessed they preferred it to talking with a human therapist (though it was not made clear whether the flow of money *to* the patient influenced this preference).

The Slacks' current program can ask questions in one of four psychiatric styles: Freud, Albert Ellis, Carl Rogers and William Glasser. In an experiment conducted a couple of years ago, the Slacks found that 8 of their 32 subjects felt more at ease talking to the computer than to the therapist who had interviewed them either immediately before or after. Two of the subjects discussed certain personal losses only with the computer.

Unlike Weizenbaum's or Colby's programs, the Slacks' computer therapist outputs its messages on a display screen. This doesn't seem to affect the development of transference with the machine, however. Transference, say the Slacks, exists even under these conditions, and the illusion of another actually being there can be very intense.

Although the inability to "talk to myself" is not a pressing problem of mine, I sat down at one of the Slacks' new programs, still in the process of being debugged, called the Anxiety Program. Slightly to my left rested a microphone crudely mummified in a cardboard box with electrical tape and connected to both a tape recorder and the computer terminal. I was greeted by the program, which then flashed a battery of questions concerning my anxiety levels: Was I more anxious when alone or with others? Did I ever go to parties? Did anything about my work make me nervous? In what places was I most apt to be nervous?

I was offered a choice of answers—including the option of "skipping" the question altogether—and hit the appropriate numbered typewriter key. When this series of questions ended, the program, having assimilated my answers, flashed an invitation on the screen to talk about the anxiety I had earlier mentioned "sometimes" having. Although I found concentration difficult, my faith in the authenticity of the experience being somewhat broken by the presence of the PDP-12 terminal and microphone, I nonetheless began to com-

plain archly about my menu anxiety and the difficulty I had encountered that morning choosing my breakfast cereal. I guess I was trying to impress upon the program that I was suffering from some obsessional *folie de doubt*. But how stupid of me! I had obviously already forgotten that the program didn't understand a word I was saying; it didn't know *folie de doubt* from a madras sportcoat. I fell silent, wondering how others were able to suspend enough belief to talk comfortably to a machine.

But it is one of the program's virtues that it knows electronically that you have ceased to speak. After a pleasant pause, made more bearable because there was no human physiognomy to confront or avoid, the screen flashed "Are you having trouble describing your feelings?" and even offered a suggestion for how to resume talking. As long as you keep speaking, the screen will periodically acknowledge you with a "Listening" or a "Hearing."

After I had sufficiently impressed upon the program my disinclination to continue my monologue, the screen praised me for the job I had done and asked if I was still nervous. I answered "no" by pushing a key and was greeted immediately with the curious proclamation: "Good. You're in control." Well! If it was this easy to gain control of your life, I'd order a dozen. Then the program put me through a long cycle of questions modeled on the Taylor Manifest Anxiety Test, which is part of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. I could respond from a 1 (not at all) to a 4 (very much so) to queries about how nervous, jittery, high-strung, content and at ease I was. Finished with that, I was once again reassured that I had done "remarkably well. You've taken yourself from anxiety to relaxation. You're very much in control." It was like a private audience with Dale Carnegie.

One belief that inspires the Slack brothers' work is that psychotherapy as presently conducted is too elitist and costly. "I don't like the preservation of a psychiatric tradition at the expense of the patient," says Warner. "Psychoanalysis is like hiring Walter Kaufmann to teach you Nietzsche personally. You know, it would be nice to be able to talk to Shakespeare himself, but it's good we have *Macbeth* to read." Furthermore, he doesn't like the idea that computer therapy may be considered second best, that the poor will be enjoying an inferior brand of therapy should some sort of computerized psychiatry be made available in the future.

"I'm not interested in replacing psychiatry," Warner warns. "I'm interested in demonstrably helping people and showing them that talking to oneself is not crazy." Charles concurs: "I don't mean that I want all psychiatrists shot, but any time you can replace human functions with machines at low energy, you should. Computers will have a greater impact on psychiatry than anything else. People don't think so—but people are wrong." Charles also feels that 90 percent of the time used up in human psychotherapy is irrelevant talk, a point of view curiously unfriendly to the argument that there are uniquely human properties to a therapeutic relationship. Such an extreme view seems to be grounded in the wild idea that the self-knowledge acquired in psychotherapy comes in the form of neatly gift-wrapped insights left under the psychic Christmas tree, for which all that talk is just so much unnecessary preparation.

Warner feels that human psychotherapy has so far failed to document its effectiveness, but he is still cautious about Soliloquy Therapy and doesn't want to make any extravagant claims yet.

**"How do you know what a good simulation is? Is it a bag of tricks or a theory? Nobody's ever seen an ego, id and superego"**

In the meantime, anyway, there are other promising applications: Warner has been thinking about writing a program that will teach older women returning to college after a long absence to be more at ease with speaking out in class.

"At bottom," Weizenbaum has said, "the question is whether or not every aspect of human thought is reducible to a logical formalism or, to put it into the modern idiom, whether or not human thought is entirely computable." And if it is, he asks, why are there still poets?

A mistaken assumption shared by many computer scientists is epitomized by a passage the Slack brothers wrote on their computer-patient dialogues for *Psychology Today* in early 1974: "Now you can see why we like our computer. It is programmed to treat each person as a unique individual rather than just a part of a mass audience." And this was written about a program that doesn't understand in any sense what is said to it! Oliver Selfridge voiced a similar sentiment: "The computer will not impose morals on you, like politics or religion or social structures." Now, although computer programs will not inadvertently let their prejudices show, as humans will, this notion that they represent no point of view is a bankrupt one. First, a computer only "knows" what human beings teach it and, second, in a country where virtually all computer power is in the hands of government and business, it can hardly be said that they have everyone's best interests in mind. Science writer Fred Hapgood has insightfully pointed out that "decision-makers in a democratic society are forever restive with the convention that their decisions should not appear to be blatantly self-seeking. Now they could use the computer as a kind of Mexican bank for decisions wherein judgments could appear to have been laundered ,or more specifically, bleached, of self-interest and arbitrariness."

Astrophysicist Carl Sagan has already had such a vision, in *Natural History* a year ago, which makes me no fan of the future: "No such computer program is adequate for psychiatric use today, but the same can be remarked about some psychotherapists. In a period when more and more people in our society seem to be in need of psychiatric counseling, and when time-sharing of computers is widespread, I can imagine the development of a network of computer psychotherapeutic terminals, something like arrays of large telephone booths, in which, for a few dollars a session, we would be able to talk with an attentive, tested, and largely non-directive psychotherapist."

One can almost see it, the final frames of a full-length feature on mankind. On the outskirts of an abandoned metropolis, men, women and children bearing unhappinesses of every conceivable variety queue up to ring their electronic therapists. Having long ago lost the taste for human contact, they wait impatiently to unburden themselves to computers. Their pockets are heavy with change. Scuffling breaks out in one of the lines; a woman is complaining that the gentleman before her in the booth has been taking too long. The man in the booth tries to silence her, saying he's in the middle of acting-out and she'll just have to wait. No one bothers anymore to ask why things in the world are such that people spend hours waiting to make their contact with Psycho-Central. They are simply and tearfully glad that they have something—anything—to talk to. Mild neurotics to the back of the line! Step up and log-in for a $1.49 dream analysis, a $3.95 working-through! Would you please deposit 50 more cents for the next non-directive interpretation? ●

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# The (upper) class of '75

**By Michael Wolff**

**The Ivy League's old school ties are coming unknotted, and if last year is any indication of what's ahead, this year's graduates will soon be driving taxis rather than hailing them**

*Surely you're not thinking of any city other than New York! Be sensible dear, in any other place you'd have to fetch coffee. But in New York, with your background and school you can have almost any career. Of course your father can help you make the best choice. Mrs. Haber, whose daughter graduated last year (who is, by the way, engaged to the Donnelson boy), says the opportunities are really endless, and the parties marvelous. . . .* from a mother's letter to her daughter, a senior at Smith, 1955

*I have made appointments for you at Chemical, and at Morgan. If you want to try the Mayor's office for a year that also can be arranged. Both your mother and I think your interest in publishing is just a passing phase, but if you can convince us otherwise, Mr. Scribner was a classmate of mine. . . .* from a father's letter to his son, a senior at Dartmouth, 1962

Reading these letters now, they strike me as curios of another age. Highbrow and Waspy, their language and tone seem a little ridiculous to me. Old yearbooks I think of, the girls in pearls, the boys in blazers: "Nudgy, the class clown, can't wait to begin a career at the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency." They are more than a little difficult to believe without the sardonic edge of Mary McCarthy. Yet one need only skim the class notes of any Ivy League alumni bulletin to find that there was a time, not that long ago, when there was plenty of room at the top of Manhattan for a graduate of a prestigious, "quality," "top-notch" college. When the most renowned institutions of profit and grace would court and tease and wine and dine a "caliber" graduate into their ranks. When the most ambitious of the well-educated and well-dressed collected in a few small pools around Wall Street and Madison Avenue and played at a sport in which even the losers got a nice cut of the take. Call it Wasp dominion, the Old Boy Club, the ruling class, whatever, the doors were seldom closed to anyone with the right credentials, and joining such a club was a common expression of a particular kind of education.

I split the last four years between Vassar College and Columbia University. I imagine that for a good long while a bad taste will remain with me. Not because they were particularly odious institutions; as it happens they were quite benign. And why shouldn't they have been? Their students, on the whole, were genial, jocular,

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK RAN PALULIAN

competitive, good kids. It must have been a satisfying sight, for trustees of the capital campaign, to watch pugnacious, angry 18-year-olds, flexing for the good fight, become 22-year-olds, organizing proms, collecting dry-cleaning stubs, looking into the deepest reaches of self for a job aptitude and then, finally, preparing to take the formal steps into the world of the corporate conscience: all rise, the honorable W.R. Grace. And it happened fast, like the onset of puberty. All of a sudden we had developed the glands of a self-conscious, testy upper class. Even those of us who fancied ourselves the last of the entrepreneurs (agents provocateurs?) let our proxies go for almost nothing. But this is old stuff; even the FBI must know by now that we are not a very courageous, scary or even interesting bunch.

And although I am resigned to our tepid character, I have wondered now and again through these last four years if we really would become the people Shaker Heights, Westchester, Winnetka, Montclair, The Mainline, Newton, Central Park West, the Upper East Side, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Haverford, Wesleyan trained us to be.

So it was with some interest, and quite a case of advanced malaise, that I watched and joined this year's overachieving mob of the liberally educated heading for the boardrooms of Manhattan.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the junior executive lounge: hardly anybody could get a job. The old boy route, the old school ties, the traditional "good school" connections seemed abruptly nonfunctional. By some estimates there are between 2,500 and 3,000 1975 graduates of well-endowed colleges in New York, and it is likely that no more than half have jobs.

The maitre d' at the Rose Room of the Algonquin Hotel will supply you with a jacket if, perchance, you have forgotten your own.

Peter Crawford (name changed), a recent Yale graduate, shrugs off the Algonquin's dowdy spare. "Order drinks," Peter says to his father, also a graduate of Yale, "and I'll just jog over to Madison and pick up the Harris tweed I have waiting at Brooks."

Mr. Crawford fondly watches Peter hightail it out the revolving door. "Still have the suit I wore my first day at the bank," Mr. Crawford recalls. "One week out of New Haven, stayed at the Algonquin too. My head was full," he smiles. "Every good firm in the city interviewing the pants off me."

At the table Mr. Crawford orders "a very dry one, up."

"Peter's had one hell of an education," says Mr. Crawford, sipping. "And he's got a good head on his shoulders. Just can't understand it, and I've asked all the experts—a good man at Columbia I know—why Peter can't get a job."

"Whatever the chef recommends," Mr. Crawford says to the waiter. "And make it three, we're waiting for my son. Oh, and please," Mr. Crawford adds, lifting his empty glass, "another."

"If Peter had asked me last January, I think we could have done something for him at the bank, but back then he was still yapping about a job in publishing. Now he knows he's only got a chance in a business with a good profit margin. I just knew he wasn't going to get a job in publishing of all things. But my wife says we have to let Peter run his own life. She's right—always is—but dammit, goddammit, if I'm going to watch my kid go down the drain."

Peter returns, tying his tie as he walks in, and orders himself a martini.

"You won't believe it," says Peter, elated. "I just asked at Brooks if they needed a salesman and they said I should apply, they're expecting openings."

Mr. Crawford removes his glasses and pinches the bridge of his nose. "You drove a taxi for three days," Mr. Crawford begins slowly, "you waited on tables for a week and a half, you virtually flunked out of a typing course. Please, tell me, I mean I really want to know, how long would standing behind a necktie counter last? Goddammit, look at yourself. You've been out of school for months and done nothing. Peter, we have to face facts. Look at me, Peter! You've done nothing. Zero on a one to ten scale."

"For Chrissake, I didn't plan it this way," says Peter, his voice rising. "I mean, don't you understand that I'm not hiding from work?"

"We can have a civil conversation. Now there are obviously jobs and you obviously are doing something wrong."

"Je-sus! I can't believe it. God almighty. All right, I'm doing something wrong. Tell me what it is."

"Well, clearly, you're not seeing the right people."

"Then tell me who. WHO?"

"You have to make a list . . . ."

"God, you're something else. I mean you must really be out of it. You think I was lying when I said I've thought of every idiot, every jerk-off, every friend's father who could help. I've done everything. I'll do anything. Christ, I'm sick of the whole thing. I could throw up when I read the classifieds. I wanna punch out every guy I see with a fat briefcase. He has my job. You think I wanna sell ties or Jockey shorts. I wanna briefcase. I want important papers. A good apartment. Shined shoes. I wanna take taxis. . . . Jesus." Peter's hands are trembling. His eyes are tightly closed.

"Please, Peter," says Mr. Crawford, "calm down, you'll spill something on your jacket. C'mon now, we'll work something out."

"There is a line of rhetoric that we serve up on Tiffany platters at alumni luncheons and in those God awfully self-righteous newsletters," says a career guidance counselor at one of the seven sister colleges. "The kids like driving cabs, like waiting on tables, that the job market is tight but of course not so tight for our graduates, well that's a crock," she snaps. "I want to be blunt in saying that this is pure rubbish, mean and deceiving. There are no real numbers—God keep us from the truth—but I can make a good guess, a goddamn good guess: out of the class of '75 from creamy colleges, as many as were able went to law, medical or business school, maybe 25 percent, their Armageddon will come later; I would say 10 percent have gone into some arcane field in graduate school, and they'll do all right; about 15 percent have gone into the usual graduate training—English, history, languages, etc.—and they're just plain old idiots who haven't gotten the word that there is no hope for them, that they are destined for oblivion. The rest are out looking for jobs, and 15 to 20 percent are trying to bat with the big leagues in New York, maybe 3,000, and I don't think that a chit more than 500 have managed to nail down jobs vaguely befitting their education and sensibility.

"The real point is that we are not funneling people into the labor market. If that were true, things would not be so bad at all. The good colleges, the money colleges, remake people into an ideal, into an attitude. Once we're finished with our students they cannot psychologically, mentally and I doubt even physically tolerate 95, perhaps 98 percent of the available jobs. These kids are the best and the brightest, the American aristocracy.

"Of course I know all the backpatting crap about affirmative action and

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*A New York-based free-lance writer, Michael Wolff last reported for* NEW TIMES *on the student spring recess in Daytona Beach.*

financial aid. So we took in smart black and smart lower-middle-class types. Very big of us. But we did not change for them, they changed for us. Sure you can say Stover doesn't go to Yale anymore, and the Group is gone from Vassar, but their latter-day counterparts exist. So they take drugs and have sex. Big deal. We are still turning out finely tuned creations so aware of their own potential, so self-conscious of their language, style, nuance and expectations, so turned on to the upper calibrations of success, that they are ineffably set apart from the mass of jobs, the mass of people, the common way of life. Don't get lost in a lot of sixties sentimentality; that era was a fluke, a lark. Our kids want the goods, the power, the money, the style, the control."

Frank Fisher, Harvard's career planning director, believes in a laissez-faire policy. "I look at it this way," he offers, "would you rather be a necktie salesman with an education or without one?"

"Maybe you think I'm an arrogant son of a bitch," says Jay Heffron, a recent Princeton graduate. "Well, I have a certain conception of my life, and I don't think it's so wrong that I don't want to take some cruddy job. Maybe Princeton filled me with a lot of romantic ideas, but I think I deserve to be, you know, challenged, involved. . . ."

Now Heffron works an addressograph on Wall Street and runs deliveries for a liquor store at night. He had looked for a job through a good part of last summer and most of the fall.

"I mean, Christ, I answered an ad for a place called Consumer Dynamics, 'only top talent need apply.' So I go to this office and there are all these guys dressed up in zoot suits and coiffed and everything. And you know what they wanted me to do, you know what's so dynamic? They want you to sell rings. In office buildings, from door to door. I mean I don't want to sound like a snob or anything, but I went to Princeton.

"And then when you come upon a job that might be all right they expect you to get on your belly and beg. Like I was interviewed at Fairchild Publications for some really pretty low job. I mean it could've been okay, a start, but it wasn't terrific. And so I speak to the editor in chief of House Furnishings, and right away he started blasting me, cross-examining me. Almost like it was an affront to him that I thought I might have enough talent to work on some stupid trade magazine. I couldn't believe it, this . . . this . . . this editor of House Furnishings, for God's sake, acting like he's Edmund Wilson."

"Now c'mon, *cheer up*, my name is Buz-with-one-z Gummere and I'm gonna tell you HOW you're gonna get *that* job. . . ."

Richard Gummere, a vocational guidance adviser at Columbia University, believes that the "good schools" have to stop being so "above it all" and "teach our people a little job-hunting methodology." So on the Morningside campus he conducts job therapy sessions for Columbia and Barnard students and alumni that mix a kind of Socratic method with the rising and falling hosannas of "Dare To Be Great."

"CALL IT OUT, anybody, what is Dickens' famous first line?" He scans the room of hesitant faces. "*These* are the BEST OF TIMES, and the worst of times. *Remember that.* Now let's get down to *BRASS TACKS.*

"I see the employment system in America as a *rite of passage*—a WAY into adulthood. Something to learn from, NOT something to fear. And what I want you to learn MOST is NOT to do what you're *spozed* to do. Personnel offices, agencies, that's what you're *spozed* to do. But not what's BEST to do. You gotta get to someone with the *REAL* power. Why I remember old Bob Porter, a classmate of mine, a *very* high executive in a *very* high company, and he had just scouted two *fine* new boys—and I said, 'Jeez Bob, why didn't you just let your personnel people handle it,' and he gave me a look as if to say: Buz, you don't know nothin'. When I'm looking for a good man, I find him myself.

**"The money colleges remake people," explains a guidance counselor. "Once we're finished with our students, they cannot psychologically, mentally and I doubt even physically tolerate 95 percent of the available jobs"**

"AND WE CAN MAKE THAT A RULE. Used to be a jazz song in the twenties: 'A Good Man Is Hard To Find.' And a GOOD MAN *is* hard to find. You just gotta know who's doin' the lookin'. AND THAT *can be done.* Everybody here knows somebody—maybe it's your old man, maybe your uncle. WHO KNOWS! Why we had a guy who got an interview with ARISTOTLE ONASSIS. *And you know how?* Through his *dentist.* They shared a dentist. A DENTIST. . . .

"You know what William James said to the man who was going to commit suicide? WAIT FOR THE NEXT MAIL. *Wait for the next mail.* Even in the worst of times, you gotta believe, *you just gotta* BELIEVE, a good man is hard to find, and that good man is gonna get *what he wants.* . . ."

In private, "Buz" Gummere sighs. "There are losers in our society, and there are middle of the roaders, and then there are a small minority of winners. Used to be that a B.A. from Columbia meant you were on your way to the winner's circle. Used to be. Now you gotta have guts, drive, a killer's instinct, that's what counts. . . ."

"It surprises you, right? Be honest. Gives a little jolt to see a real black lady, South Chicago and all, all dressed up like Miss Wasp 1962." She gives a mock defiant pull to the sash belt of her camel's hair coat. "Bonwit's, I don't mind saying it. I spent the last cent of my scholarship stipend for clothes at Bonwit Teller's. Those lily-lily bitches at Wellesley would be proud.

"You think I'm a sellout. Right? C'mon, you're a liberal daddy, admit it. You might as well because you're dead right. But I say, so what the hell. I lived in the ghetto, but I was smart, smarter than anybody else, and I got a ticket out. And I took it, and believe me, you don't go to Wellesley, of all places, because you want to save your people. You go because you want what the nice girls got. Now don't go and get the wrong impression. I don't want the whole damn world, I just want my comfortable space and all the dogs to keep out. Like I don't even have to be rich. I'm willing to worry about bills. But I want to worry about payin' up at Design Research and not at some lowlife Stop 'n' Shop. It's no big deal if I'm never chairman of the board at some billion-dollar conglomerate, just give me a nice office somewhere, something vaguely interesting and important feeling to do and a salary that plateaus at an even 50 grand.

"So I've been in New York for several months. And it's tight, and I'm getting a little nervous. It's not as easy as they tell you. I've had a few offers to do dirt, but nothing's come up yet that is decent. The worries are starting to get me, but just a touch. I'm strong. I'll give it another month, and if it doesn't happen then I'm going back to Wellesley and I'm gonna say: listen girlies, you brought me this far, made me in the mold, you gotta do something. And really, I just don't think they'll drop me now."

Judith Regan, a Vassar graduate

who studied viola and voice ("all my teachers said I could definitely have a future"), is not unmindful of the irony that she now works as a secretary in the Julliard School. There was also a time when she wanted to be a sculptor or maybe a writer. But she now finds it difficult to think about any of those ambitions. "All that seems so foggy and vague, eons ago."

For the last several months she has typed and answered phones. She is not simply bored or drained by the job; she is not able to merely dismiss it as a temporary position on the way to something else. Instead, it has become the central reference in her conversation, an obsession, a mind block, a gross insult. It seems to represent something terrible, terminal, to her that she has been consigned to such a low-class job. Her coworkers she has reduced to caricatures, mocking their ugliness, their stupidity, their origins in Queens, their mindless acceptance of the job. Over and over she vilifies her boss: his racism, chauvinism, petty tyranny. His refusal to use Ms. over Miss or Mrs. has become a telling symbol to her of all the ignorance and gracelessness outside of Vassar.

"We were lied to," she says. "All that stuff about what you could become if you went to a good school is a lie. The only thing that's waiting for us is a world where no one thinks, just zombies, secretaries and fools."

Now and again she talks of wanting to go to Japan, or Algeria, or moving to the town where her sister goes to school; she says she probably ought to leave New York, where high rents and a low salary force her to live with a boyfriend whom she "can't stand."

"But I try not to think about it all too much or my head feels like it will explode. And anyway," she muses, "I'm not really sure if I can remember what it is that I used to want to be when I grew up."

Up a flight of stairs on 42nd Street, chances are you will find either a massage parlor or an employment agency. Neither will be very satisfying.

"That's a crock of shit. Wow, I can't believe it, what a goddamn gyp," mutters a boy in khaki pants, striped tie and a blazer to the manager of an agency. "Two hours ago you said I could have the job, I'm just right you said."

"I thought so," says the manager, "but a better guy came in."

"Better my ass," says the boy. "I mean what is this? That guy you gave the job to . . . c'mon . . . he went to . . . man . . . he went to Queens College. I went to Williams."

"So what?" says the manager, losing patience.

"Nothing, nothing the matter with Queens," mumbles the boy, "but I don't think it's even four years, and anyway there's no comparison. I went to Williams."

"Look! You didn't have any accounting experience."

"You don't understand, do you? None of you people understands." The boy shakes his head back and forth in confounded disbelief.

At another agency, at a cramped hardwood desk with a notch for a pencil and a space for an inkwell, a girl in a trench coat, holding a canvas bag with a large Saks Fifth Avenue logo, her blond hair pulled neatly back—a vision in beige—weeps.

A fat man, or "employment counselor," as his nameplate reads, stands in front of her and, for a moment, seems taken aback by her tears, but only for a moment, and then he goes on with his speech.

"Mount Holly-Holly-whatever, frankly, dearie, I wouldn't give a damn if my own priest sent you here from Notre Dame. You either type or you don't. Now go, get! I'm a busy man. And tell Katie Gibbs you were sent by me."

**"You think I wanna sell ties or Jockey shorts?" complains one Yale grad. "I wanna briefcase. I want important papers. Shined shoes. I wanna take taxis"**

Slowly she gathers herself up and goes down the stairs. She does not raise her head until she reaches Fifth Avenue, where she is lost among the other princesses window-shopping the street.

"We would be enormously pleased to take all these wonderful young people," says Terry Hulley, a personnel officer at Random House, "and a while back we could do pretty well, if I do say so myself, for a graduate from a strong school. But now you have to have skills. And a lot of these young people from the good schools, and they're all very straight and personable, think they shouldn't have to be secretaries."

"The old school ties still count in banking," says an officer at Chemical Bank's headquarters. "Obviously it's good if you're from the Spee or Fly Club at Harvard. But we've substantially cut back on our trainee program and it's running nearly 15 applicants to one spot. So it doesn't hurt if you can come in here and talk intelligently about the effect of the New York bond market on the Eurodollar."

"The truth is we learned a lot from the sixties," explains an executive at ITT. "When it was difficult to find Ivy Leaguers several years back, we had to take from the lesser pool. And we found that those people work out, they're more dependable really, less ego problems, if you know what I mean. They don't leave so readily, and they don't think they should be running the whole damn show. Another thing I've heard, and don't say this is my opinion, is that the really good schools have become sort of all Jewish, and they let in too many blacks and lower-class types and other non-whites, so they're not special anymore. It's one thing to pay a high price for a quality Wasp and another thing to have to pay the same price for God knows what. So we might as well take from the dumber bunch, who are more moldable and cheaper."

Tea is being served at the Smith Club. Every Monday from 4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. employed alumnae are invited to chat with unemployed alumnae.

"In the fifties," Cynthia Cayan, Smith '56, recalls, "we never thought about careers. But that," she laughs, "was a long time ago."

"Oh, Cynthia, it wasn't *that* long ago," says a woman in a high-back chair. "But isn't it marvelous that the girls these days want challenging jobs? I can't wait for things to get better. It'll be so exciting to see what the gals can really do."

"If I had my druthers," adds a woman coming in with a second round of tea, "I'd certainly hire one of our girls."

The conversation pauses when a young woman comes into the sedate living room.

"Can we help you?" Cynthia Cayan asks.

"I hope so," the girl says. "I'd like a job."

"What class are you from?"

"I graduated last spring."

"Oh," smiles the woman with the tea, "how long have you been looking?"

"For months."

"So long?" says the woman in the chair. "Cynthia, you know I think things might be worse than we thought. What is it you want to do?"

"Publishing, I think."

"Yes, doesn't everyone. You must be very weary. Why don't you sit down, have some tea and join our little group. Who knows, maybe a publisher will visit us this afternoon. Lemon or milk?" ●

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WHAT PUTS A STAPLE IN THE PRESIDENT'S EAR, A PAIN IN NBC CENSORS' NECKS AND STITCHES IN THE SIDES OF 10 MILLION AMERICANS?

# It's Saturday Night

By Gerry Nadel

"Jeeeeeeezus!" It's man against machine and Michael O'Donoghue is losing. "Why won't this goddamn thing work?! Christ!" He is twisting knobs and punching buttons, locked in dubious battle with a videotape machine. It's no contest. O'Donoghue is a writer, and writers are the kind of people who can't even change a typewriter ribbon unless you give them two tries. "Damn!" Now he's pounding the sides of the cabinet. The picture comes on.

It's film of a ski race, out-takes, just the losers, one after another, coming down a hill, going great for a while, but then they catch an edge or something, and each of them falls. Not just falls, either, but real ass-over-proverbial-tea-kettle stuff. The film is silent except where Michael has laid in some special sound effects — he learned the technique writing the "Radio Hour" for the National Lampoon. Just at the instant before each skier starts falling, he's put in the sound of a gunshot. Bang! The guy in the blue ski-suit goes flying. Blam! There goes the one in the windbreaker. Pow! Another Austrian bites the crust.

O'Donoghue whips around from the screen. There's this glint in his eye behind the wire-rimmed glasses. "That," he announces, "is the Claudine Longet Invitational Ski Tournament."

Alan Zweibel is practically falling off the writers' office couch, laughing. "Oh man, it'll kill them!"

"Listen, it's not on the air yet." O'Donoghue is scratching his cheek through his skimpy brown beard. "Don't count your chickens until they're on television."

"Yeah." Zweibel's accent is undiluted Brooklyn. A couple of years ago, when he got out of college, he had to choose between going on to law school or writing shtik for stand-up comics in the Catskills. He chose the Catskills. "We gotta be careful, maybe. What was it that lady said after we had Ron Nessen on the show? You know, what's her name, the TV critic, the one who uses the 25-year-old picture of herself with her column?"

"Harriet Van Horne." Marilyn Miller walks in and fields the question on the fly. She knows everyone in The Industry. She's been in it since she was 21 — a few years writing "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," a couple writing "Rhoda" — and now

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDIE BASKIN

she's 26, slim, sleek, with big, brown, seen-it-all eyes and long, dark hair, like an illustration for a Philip Roth novel.

"Yes, *dear* Harriet," Michael picks up. "She called us, I believe, a moral mudslide. She said, and please correct me if I err, that the *Saturday Night* show is the seventies equivalent of the Nazi cabaret acts. She linked us to mass murder. Youth gangs. Most of the decline of the West—we're the headwaters of it, I think."

Somewhere, in the next office, a phone has been ringing relentlessly, over and over again. "Jesus Christ!" Michael shouts. "Why can't we afford a secretary?!" He starts out the door.

"Easy, big fella." Zweibel stops him with a hand on his shoulder, that's all it takes. One hand. Zweibel is muscular, big, the Jewish-jock brother to Marilyn's Brenda Patimkin.

Actor Dan Ackroyd comes in and sees Zweibel gripping Michael's shoulder. He arches an eyebrow.

"Michael's upset about Totie Fields," Alan explains.

"Yes," Ackroyd deadpans. "I think her amputation has hit all of us in show business rather hard."

"Don't worry, Michael." Alan is patting his shoulder consolingly. "She'll be up on her foot in no time."

O'Donoghue's eyes light up. "Hey! Why don't we write a bit about Totie Fields and Ted Kennedy's kid in a two-legged race?"

Marilyn has been editing a script. She glances up and levels a stare at him. "God, Michael. You certainly are the tastemaker for a generation."

"C'mon Marilyn," Zweibel cuts in. "Totie Fields is an asshole."

"I don't care," Marilyn insists. "Assholes have feelings too."

"Julie and David Eisenhower have feelings. You don't mind doing gags about *them*, do you?" Zweibel points out.

"Come *off* it!" she snaps. "Julie and David didn't have their legs cut off, and they're not lying in a hospital bed watching the show!"

"Right!" O'Donoghue is grinning. "Totie is a *big* fan of ours. I can picture just how it was—'Oh, Doctor, please don't operate on my leg *now*. It's time for the *Saturday Night* show.' "

Marilyn is searching for a snappy comeback. "Eat shit," she says at last. "I think the whole thing shits."

"Your show is the best thing that has happened to television since Dorothy Kilgallen died."—Extract from a letter written by a New York City lawyer to *Saturday Night* show producer Lorne Michaels.

Aldous Huxley said it all. Pneumatic. Look at Raquel Welch and you know that's the one word to cover all the descriptive possibilities. Pneumatic—all of her. Pneumatic—both of them. She was wearing a very skimpy, very transparent white shift, with only her bikini panties and bra keeping this week's *Saturday Night* show guest hostess within reasonable limits of decency. Which certainly was fortunate, because just as Raquel crossed from her dressing room to the costume department, producer Lorne Michaels rounded the corner, talking with Manuel Traviesas—head of NBC's Standards and Practices Department—the network's chief censor.

"We're still getting a lot of reaction to last week's show," Michaels was admitting. "Some people say the Nessen show was the best thing we've ever done. Others accuse us of giving up as satirists. Or they say we humiliated the President."

That pretty well summed it up. The *Washington Post* had called the show "outrageous." The *Daily News* considered it "funny." *Time* magazine wondered if Nessen could keep his job after

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appearing on a show that portrayed the President "stapling his ear" and "trying to hit a golf ball with a tennis racket." The *Times* held that, in putting Nessen on the show, the Ford Administration had co-opted it; the review read as if the ghost of Walter Lippmann had taken over the TV page and was using John J. O'Connor's by-line, calling the show "an extraordinary demonstration of the ability of the gigantic American middle to absorb all threats from the peripheries." Betty Ford, at first, said the show was "very funny." Then she switched to calling it "a little distasteful"—probably after someone had explained to her why Chevy Chase had burped at the end of the parody commercial for "Autumn Fizz—the carbonated douche—now in strawberry, lemon and egg cream."

If Mrs. Ford seemed confused, well, the show had been confounding 10 million viewers weekly ever since it went on the air in September. It doesn't fit the old molds. It satirizes subjects never before burlesqued on TV. It is a slaughterhouse for sacred cows, whether portraying a Gerald Ford clumsy enough to trip over the pattern in the linoleum or suggesting that in this election year every time an old Ronald Reagan movie is shown on TV George Wallace should be compensated with a minute from *Ironside*. It is underground humor surfacing on network television: the show's writers and actors come mostly from improvisational cabarets, the *National Lampoon*, NatLamp shows or all of the above. Most of them have never worked in television. When you're trying to break old molds, inexperience counts.

Most of the 18 writers and actors connected with the show are under 30. So is the NBC vice president in charge of it. *Saturday Night* is the first grab for mainstream media power by a new generation. "Until now," Michaels likes to say, "the people running television were the same people who ran radio. Our show is the first done by and for the generation that came of age in the sixties." He says it like an old socialist talking about workers seizing the means of production.

But all he has is a chunk of borrowed network time. His people get away with a lot of stone-craziness on the air, but only because the show is on late at night, draws 10 million viewers . . . and NBC *chooses* to let them. It's NBC's time and NBC's money—about $190,000 per 90-minute show (compared to $75,000 to $150,000 for a prime-time half-hour). Michaels still has to explain himself to Traviesas every week.

Traviesas is grey at the temples, soft-spoken. He smiles like a middle-aged Mexican priest hearing confession. "Don't try to make too many breakthroughs in one week, huh?" he was advising Michaels. "I mean, last week, it wasn't any one of the sketches that was a problem. It was all of them put together." Autumn Fizz on top of the quartet standing at the urinals and singing Purcell, not to mention the commercial parody based on the premise that if a jam named Smuckers "has to be good," a jam named "Dog Vomit" has to be even better. "It's the totality of the effect," Traviesas was saying.

Michaels nodded silently, shook hands with him, then walked to the costume department. Dan Ackroyd was showing Raquel a prop for a sketch in which he'd play Howard Hughes and she'd be Jane Russell in *The Outlaw*. It was a tin bra with battery-powered propellers placed exactly where you'd imagine they'd be. "It's not comfortable,"

**"Your show is the best thing that has happened to television since Dorothy Kilgallen died," wrote one viewer**

Ackroyd was joking, "but it sure gets you up there."

"It gets *you* up, maybe," Raquel replied with a hard-edged laugh.

Chevy Chase and O'Donoghue were arguing in the hallway. "Here's the thing, Michael," Chevy was saying. "You got that ski piece written? The stuff I'm supposed to read with the film?"

"It's about half done."

"Fine, *fine*," Chevy spat. "That means it'll be ready *next* week."

"It'll be ready. Look, we're not rehearsing it until tomorrow, Chevy, so lighten up, will you?!"

"Tomorrow we're on the air!" Chase was almost shouting. He is the first genuine celebrity the show has created. Usually, he doesn't let it get in the way. It's not easy. He's become a star in a show that's supposed to be an *alternative* to the star system, even to bringing in a new guest host each week as the headliner. It's supposed to be a collaborative effort—an ensemble, actors helping with the writing, writers taking turns as actors, everyone pitching in with no particular protocol, no sense of pecking order. Everyone even earns about the same—it works out to about $900 a show for each actor when he's on, somewhat more for the writers. But Chevy is very much first among equals.

Lorne Michaels passed by on his way to the studio. It was time to rehearse the bit he was doing himself on this week's show. He took his place on the set. On the monitors he looked like the lead in a Truffaut movie with his wispy hair and soft features. The floor manager gave him his cue. "Allow me to take time out for a moment to address myself to four very special people—the Beatles. We've heard a lot about personality and legal conflicts that might prevent you guys from reuniting. . . . It's also been said that no one has yet to come up with enough money to satisfy you. Well, if it's money you want, there's no problem. The National Broadcasting Company has authorized me to offer you this check to be on our show." He pulled a check from his pocket. "Here it is. Three *thousand* dollars! For only three songs! You can sing 'She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah'—that's a thousand dollars right there. You know the words already. It'll be easy."

Gilda Radner was watching the monitor in a booth the size of a small-time lawyer's waiting room, separated from the main control room by a glass partition. Her rubbery face was all crinkled up in a smile. "Oh Lorne, I *love* you!" She was practically kissing the screen, à la Hubert Humphrey. "It's just like it was back in Canada, watching Lorne on TV!" She had gone to Toronto eight years ago to work in an improvisational theater, met a guy and stayed on; Michaels had coaxed her back to New York to act on *Saturday Night*. "He had his own show on the CBC, y'know." Gilda was bubbling. "*The Hart and Lorne Terrific Hour*. He was kind of the straight man."

Michaels had done that CBC series partially out of a guilty sense of Canadian nationalism. He'd hit the big time early—in 1968, when he was 23—writing for *Laugh-In*, specials for Lily Tomlin and winning an Emmy. But he kept thinking he really should be home. The CBC hired him to produce, direct and star in the *Terrific Hour*. It became a national hit. But people kept asking him, "If you're so good, what are you doing in *Canada?*" NBC offered *Saturday Night* last summer. He took it in September. He got complete creative control. He rounded up his friends from Toronto—Gilda, Danny Ackroyd—hired performers and writers he'd spotted in Hollywood—Tom Schiller, Laraine Newman. A chance meeting waiting on line to see *Monty Python*

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*Gerry Nadel, Boston bureau chief for* Women's Wear Daily, *last reported for* NEW TIMES *on Governor Longley of Maine.*

*and the Holy Grail* turned up Chevy Chase. Chevy brought over the NatLamp show veterans—O'Donoghue, Anne Beatts, John Beluschi. Auditions picked up the rest—Zweibel, Garrett Morris, the others— in New York. Michaels chose them all for talent, and also their ability to work as a group. There was a special closeness, a family feeling, right from the start.

The monitor screen in the booth had gone blank. Gilda was watching the goings-on in the control room through the glass. She saw O'Donoghue come rushing in. He had a script in his hand and was heading toward the censor lady. She was seated at one of the control panels, wearing a tent-like green dress and a stiff, spray-set, upswept hairdo. She looks like everybody's Fourth Grade schoolteacher. The censor lady is Traviesas' distant early warning system, watching the rehearsal and making little notes.O'Donoghue was saying something to her—Gilda couldn't hear through the glass—gesturing wildly. The censor lady shook her head. He shook his harder and stalked out.

A few seconds later, he was in the booth with Gilda. "I can't *believe* it!" he said. In fact he said it several times. The censor lady had objected to one of the two pieces he'd written for the show: strangely enough not the Claudine Longet Ski Tournament but a weather report he'd written for Chevy Chase's "News Update" segment. John Beluschi was supposed to come on, criticizing songs that "spread dangerous misinformation about weather and its effects"—for example, "Don't Rain on My Parade": "There are lots worse things that could happen to a parade than a little rain. What about 'Don't Throw Up on My Parade'? Or what about 'Don't Take a Dump on My Parade'? After a thing like that, a little rain wouldn't seem so bad, would it?"

O'Donoghue was slumped in a chair. "They took out 'dump'! Can you believe it? They won't let us say 'dump'! You could say 'Don't *Bleed* on My Parade,' they wouldn't mind *that*. But you can't say 'take a dump!' " Now Raquel Welch's 40-inch chest filled the 19-inch monitor screen. "Oh Christ, I'm supposed to be in this sketch." He hurried out to the rehearsal.

He ran into Chase in the hallway. "Got a script on that ski thing yet?" Chevy asked him.

"Huh?"

"Something we can block with," Chevy insisted.

"Chevy, we are not going to rehearse this tonight. Got that straight?" Michael's voice was rising, fast.

"Okay, okay," Chevy said, nodding quickly. "That's cool. But just remember, you got a problem with the script, I can always wing it."

"We'll block it *tomorrow!* When you come in with 'Update.' "

"Yeah." Chevy grabbed the chance to change the subject. "I'm writing 'Update' now, so if anybody's got any ideas. . . ."

"I see," Michael said. "You mean it's desperation time?"

"Yeah."

"Well, where's Herb?" Michael asked. Herb Sargent is a special script consultant to the show, a veteran comedy writer who's been making up jokes for television since before a lot of the *Saturday Night* people were born. "He always comes in with some ideas, doesn't he?"

"Sure," said Chevy, "right about the time we're typing up the final script." He walked into the studio with Michael, over to the set. They took their places where director Dave Wilson told them to.

The *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* parody they were rehearsing was not what could frankly be called one of the week's more inspired ideas. Raquel was

**"Our show," says producer Lorne Michaels, "is the first by and for the generation that came of age in the sixties"**

cast as Nurse Ratched, Beluschi as McMurphy, and about all that saved the skit from total disaster was his damn near letter-perfect takeoff of Jack Nicholson's South Jersey accent. Other than that, it was all pretty awful, and to make matters worse, Raquel kept fluffing her cues. Director Wilson ran her through the same entrance three times. Finally, she stamped her foot. "Awwww, *shit*!" she screamed. Wilson didn't try to make her do it again.

It was getting late. The rehearsal was breaking up. Beluschi wandered off the set and trudged to the booth behind the control room. Louise Lasser was slumped deep in one of the armchairs, looking exhausted. She's a regular backstage at the show, visiting whenever she's in town and wants someone to talk to. Beluschi kissed her and sat down in the chair next to her's. The air monitor was tuned to Channel 5. Louise draped her legs across Beluschi's lap, leaned back and watched herself in *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, chewing on her knuckle, rapt, absolutely silent. She would hold her breath at key moments in the action on screen and let it out in a rush when they ended.

Outside the booth, the studio was emptying. The rehearsal was over. It was after midnight. But upstairs, in the writers' office, you could hear typewriters going. Zweibel, Marilyn Miller, the others, in their little offices, polishing up their pieces, editing, revising. Sixteen-hour days are pretty standard for them. So are 100-hour weeks. The *Saturday Night* staff has to turn out 90 minutes worth of original comedy every week, except the first one of every month (when the show is replaced by *Weekend*). The Monty Pythons only had to write nine half-hour shows a year. This was the third *Saturday Night* show for April. Everyone was dog tired. Their material showed it. The show for this week was in trouble.

It's Saturday afternoon, just a few hours before air time, and they still haven't finished rehearsing the show. Wilson, the director, is working in a Muppets sequence. Raquel Welch has just arrived with her entourage. She carries a furry stuffed elephant under her arm. "I never go *anywhere* without him," she says. "He's my *friend*."

The entire female contingent of the Not Ready For Prime Time Players is gathered in the booth behind the control room. Rosie Shuster is there, too. She's one of the writers. She is also, only incidentally, Lorne Michaels' wife. The women all seem to be thinking very hard, staring at the floor, concentrating. Finally, Gilda looks up.

"I got it!" she shouts. "Totie, you know why you're so fat? You *eat* too much! You must have a hollow leg."

"Poor Totie," says Rosie. "I hear they're trying to decide whether to keep the leg alive in a respirator, whether it would be cruel."

"No, no, no," corrects Jane Curtin. "They're trying to decide which part to throw away."

"Totie's problem is she just got off on the wrong foot," Rosie suggests.

"Well, she won't have any trouble now putting her best foot forward," observes Laraine Newman.

"Actually," says Jane, "she hasn't got a leg to stand on."

"Hey, maybe she can do pantyhose commercials," Rosie offers. "For L'Egg."

Laraine purses her lips and shakes her head gravely. "Aren't comedy people a *cruel* lot?"

Michael O'Donoghue has been sitting in the corner, moping over his weather report script, trying to find some-

thing to replace "take a dump." "How's this? 'Don't Ka-Ka on My Parade.' 'Don't Doo-Doo?' Awww, hell." He throws down his pencil, disgusted. "The challenge here is to come up with something ten times more distasteful—but something they gotta pass. 'Don't Blow Your Nose on My Parade' maybe? You wanna make 'em squirm, make 'em say, Oh Christ, why didn't I just let him have 'take a dump.' "

Wilson is calling the cast for another try with the *Cuckoo's Nest* sketch. Everybody has been pressuring Lorne to drop the piece—it doesn't seem to be working. But he's refused: "We need it for balance. Without it, we're just doing 90 minutes of tit jokes. Raquel's boobs take over the show." The booth behind the control room empties out as everyone rushes to the set.

WIDE WORLD

As the guest host on the April 17 show, Ron Nessen was cast—appropriately enough—as the presidential press secretary in a skit satirizing President Ford's clumsiness. Chevy Chase, of course, played Ford trippingly.

A few moments later, Tom Schiller walks in with his father. Tom is one of the youngest writers on the show. He looks a little like an undergraduate Mel Brooks—the same down-slanted eyes, the Jewish-Roman nose, all in a sophomore's face. His father looks something like Hemingway—silver hair and salt-and-pepper beard: he makes an effort to—Hemingway is one of his idols. Bob Schiller is also a writer. For 20 years, he wrote the *Lucy* shows. Now he is writing *Maude*. He'd been telling Tom on this visit how upset he was by the *TV Guide* cover story on *Maude*'s star, Bea Arthur, his friend. "A hatchet job," he called it. He was also frankly miffed that the story never mentioned him. It bothers him that many TV viewers think the stars write their own lines.

The Schillers were watching the Claudine Longet Ski Tournament on the monitor. O'Donoghue had finished the script. The film was rolling now: bang, blam, pow! The Austrians bite the crust, "accidentally shot" by Claudine Longet. You can hear the studio crew laughing over the monitor.

"That wasn't funny!" Tom Schiller's father is shocked. "My God, that woman has been charged with *murder!*" He shakes his head. "Boy, I wouldn't want to meet the guy who wrote that piece. He must be sick!" Schiller also hadn't been too thrilled with the piece Tom had written parodying *I Love Lucy*. It had all been suspiciously Oedipal.

In the studio, people are coming up to O'Donoghue, laughing and shaking his hand. One of them is the account executive from Doyle, Dane. She's on the Polaroid account. The company is pushing its cameras on the show. Beluschi and Curtin will be doing the commercial live, and the Doyle, Dane lady is there to make sure it's done right—that is, no jokes, no fooling around. Straight. Nobody is quite sure why Doyle, Dane wants it that way—on this show of all shows. Lorne Michaels isn't even certain he should go along with it, but he's not ready to fight this particular battle just yet. Instead, he's told Jane and John to follow the agency's script. They're not happy about it either, especially Beluschi. He keeps walking around muttering about "selling out."

It's Gilda's turn now. She's rehearsing her soliloquy about Raquel Welch, telling how she deliberately tried to get a look at Hollywood's reigning sex symbol "completely" naked: "All I can tell you is Raquel Welch and I have exactly the same body. We are both women. We are alike and we have exactly the same parts. Only mine need a little regrouping."

Louise Lasser had written the speech. It was sort of her gift to her friends on the show. The audience loved it when they heard it, an hour or so later, at the dress rehearsal. O'Donoghue's Claudine Longet film got to them, too, and so did "Take Off Your Shirt," a bit of Monty-Pythonesque pure silliness with Chevy and Raquel supposed to be doing a talk show. He introduces her effusively. Then he asks her only one question: "Will you take off your shirt for us?" "No," says Raquel. "Thank you very much," says Chevy, turning to the camera. "Be with us next week for 'Take Out Your Eye,' when our guests will be Sandy Duncan and Mo Udall." That brings a gasp from the audience, then, after a long second of silence, a solid roar of laughter. But all Raquel hears is the gasp. She does a broad "shock" take and huffs off the set.

Otherwise, though, the dress rehearsal audience is about as responsive as painted scenery. The "Purino Rat Chow" commercial gets a few giggles when the little mechanical rats nudge each other away from tiny dishes of the stuff. The propeller-driven bra in the *Outlaw* skit, however, gets shot down in flames, and in the *Cuckoo's Nest* parody, laughs are as hard to find as Howard Hughes' will. It would probably have taken some Totie Fields jokes to get a response—if only nausea—out of this audience, but there aren't any in the script.

"It's okay, it's okay," O'Donoghue is assuring everybody afterward. "Dress rehearsal audiences are always like that. They know we're trying things out on them, using them. It's okay. It's a strong show. It needs some cuts. It needs some energy. But it'll get up when we go on the air. The energy will be there."

Alan Zweibel isn't so sure. "I dunno. I just feel like the show's out of our hands this week. You know, with Raquel and the things we gotta do to write around her and the things she wants to put in." Raquel is not your typical *Saturday Night* host. Michaels picks them the same way he chooses musical acts: his criterion is "a sort of shared taste," a sixties generation taste, performers like Randy Newman or Patti Smith, and guest hosts like Lily Tomlin, Richard Pryor or George Carlin, who are hip enough to work *Saturday Night*'s 100-hour week "for very little money." Or at

least they're supposed to be kind of camp, like Nessen or Desi Arnaz the week they parodied the *Lucy* show. Raquel seems to fall into the second category. Talking to her is like talking to one of the footprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Everyone is in the Green Room. There's only an hour to go until air time. The scene is like opening night before the Senior Class play. Danny is doing push-ups on the carpet. Gilda sits in a corner, rigid and white. Beluschi is looking for last-minute tips on his Nicholson accent from an NBC page who does it even better than he does. "Ask him about Howard Hughes." Ackroyd calls over. "How does *he* sound?"

O'Donoghue has just finished getting the changes made for his weather report. "I never had an idea that when you got censors it would be all this trouble—changing scripts and cue cards and everything. And all because they won't let us say 'take a dump.' " He shakes his head. "But *now* I got 'em! How do you like *this*?" he pauses for effect, smiling evilly: " 'Don't Drain Your Boils on My Parade.' " He laughs. "All that, and what do they gain? Is it any better to talk about *draining boils* than to say 'take a dump'? "

Al Franken, a couple of years out of Harvard and another writer on the show, is on the couch with Jane Curtin, talking about the women who travel with Raquel. "There's two of them, blondes, who are almost as big in front as she is—and they wear their blouses open farther than she does."

"She orders them to," Jane tells him.

"Sure, wow, of course!" Franken sees the point at once. "It takes the ogle off of her."

"She has a briefing session with them every morning," Jane reports.

"Yeah, but the one who runs the show is that tall, skinny brunette. She gives the orders." Franken is nodding. "And boy is she sharp."

"She's Raquel's manager," Jane says, "and did you notice, *her* shirt isn't open." She is about to go on when, suddenly, the door opens. She stops. The whole room falls silent.

It is Lorne Michaels, come with the cuts. Between dress rehearsal and air time, he decides what will stay in the show, what will go.

Now he's decided. "Take Off Your Shirt" is gone, he says. Raquel hadn't liked the sound of that gasp. Also, she wouldn't be doing Anne Beatt's Lina Wertmuller parody, either. Lorne had given Raquel her choice—the show was running long, one of her segments would have to go: which did she want to drop? Wertmuller or her song solo ("It Ain't Necessarily So," perhaps a trial balloon for a possible album, *Raquel Sings Gershwin*)? There wasn't a lot of suspense about her decision.

Now Michaels has turned to Beluschi, coaching him for the *Cuckoo's Nest* skit: "Play *closer* to Raquel. You're holding back. Even when you are supposed to be strangling her, you act afraid of her. Don't back off."

"That's really what you want me to do? Get right in on her?"

"Yes."

"Okay, but make sure you tell her you said so!"

The meeting breaks up. The actors scatter to touch up their makeup. The audience is already on its way into the studio. Raquel is in her dressing room, vocalizing, running up and down the scales. She occasionally hits a note flat. The rest she hits sharp.

The studio band strikes up. The show begins. It goes just like the dress rehearsal did. Badly. The Longet film gets some laughs. So do the mechanical rats. But that's all. The Polaroid commercial is a disaster: the audience keeps waiting for Jane and John to get to the punch line, and there's this sort of nervous laughter when it never comes. O'Donoghue is watching the show in the control room. "Do I smell turkey here?" He puts on a brave little smile. "Ah, what does it matter? Who watches television on Saturday night anyway? Everyone's at the movies."

**"Let's do a parody of *Moby Dick*," said one writer, "with Totie Fields as Captain Ahab *and* the whale"**

The *Cuckoo's Nest* skit comes on. Beluschi plays closer to Raquel, the way Michaels suggested. When he "strangles" her, it looks real enough to warrant confiscation of the quotation marks. "Low energy cow! " he calls her. It doesn't get a laugh, but it sure makes Beluschi feel better.

The party after the show is like the parties they have after Broadway opening nights, the way they are when someone comes in with the newspapers and the reviews are all bad. Everyone has gathered at One Fifth Avenue, a restaurant decorated with furnishings from an old ocean liner—portholes, seascape murals, teak woodwork—salvaged from the *Coronia*. The *Titanic* would have been more like it tonight. Everyone slumps around a half dozen tables, some, like actor Garrett Morris, eating, most of them drinking. No one is talking much.

Raquel, however, is table-hopping, bouncing around in a white, tailored jumpsuit fitted in a way guaranteed to turn boys into men. "How was I?" she keeps asking people. "How'd I do?" They tell her what she expects to hear. "Oh, I can't *wait* to see the tape of the show!"

Dick Ebersol is at a table with the lady from Doyle, Dane. He's the NBC vice president in charge of the show. Everyone calls him "Patches" because he always wears patchwork slacks, except when he's wearing his patchwork jacket—then he wears plain slacks and a patchwork sweater. Ebersol is 28. He got his start as a gofer with ABC Sports. Five years later, he was in charge of late-night programming at NBC. *Saturday Night* was his idea. The network gave him total control to develop the show.

"Look," he is saying, "Raquel wasn't the problem with the show this week. That wasn't it." He sips his drink thoughtfully. "What do you think would have happened if they'd done another killer show like last week? Another Nessen show? Huh?" His eyebrow was arched. "What do you think the network would do if. . . . Look, you know the way they are when they get letters. All the crap from the Nessen show came down on me. I didn't say anything to anyone on the show. But they know. Some of them are old pros. They know how networks are."

He swirls the ice in his glass for a moment. "I'm not saying anyone was being cautious this week, *deliberately* pulling punches. But, subconsciously. . . ." He lets the sentence trail off.

"You know what Nessen said to me after last week's show?" Ebersol lowers his voice confidentially. "He's a really nice guy. Everybody liked him. He liked us. And at the party after the show he kept saying how sorry he was, that he'd co-opted the show, destroyed it. I said it wasn't true, we all came out ahead. But he kept saying he was sorry."

Michael O'Donoghue and Anne Beatts came by Ebersol's table to say good night, then walked out the door to the sidewalk. Fifth Avenue was deserted. It was 4:30 a.m. Anne and Michael started walking home.

"Hey, you know, I got an idea," Michael was saying. "Let's do a parody of *Moby Dick*. He mimicked a peg-leg walk. "With Totie Fields as Captain Ahab *and* the whale." Anne threw her arm around his shoulders and laughed. They found a cab and rode the rest of the way home. ●

# Movies

## What's entertainment?

### By Richard Corliss

Ingmar Bergman thinks *Face to Face* is entertaining: "Good-looking and talented actors, who in a credible manner portray sad, dramatic or amusing situations, are almost always entertaining." Howard Dietz, the lyricist for *The Band Wagon*, thinks *Hamlet* is entertaining when "The ghost and the prince meet,/And everyone ends in mincemeat." Whatever your definition, the idea of movies as an entertainment industry is once again gospel in Lotusland. The personal, European-influenced, "difficult" Hollywood film (*Easy Rider, Medium Cool* and *The King of Marvin Gardens*) has all but disappeared as moviemakers scramble to cash in on nostalgia; visionaries have become revisionists. This trend isn't a natural impulse, it's a cynical attitude that's replaced the high-spirited innocence of the best old Hollywood movies with PG-rated decadence.

There's a danger in romanticizing old movies, in letting our own soft-focus sentimentality blur objections to the preposterous genre conventions and Victorian moral code. But in the most artificial genre—the musical comedy—these restrictions could liberate the films from the dead weight of social realism. They made you feel good. Case in point: the musical numbers in **That's Entertainment, Part 2,** MGM's Wurlitzer of a house organ. This sequel to the 1974 blockbuster anthology purports to celebrate a half-century of the studio's various genres (comedies, melodramas, swashbucklers, etc.) but in fact concentrates, as it should, on MGM's signal achievement: the late forties and fifties musicals produced by Arthur Freed and starring Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. These supreme masters of the dance musical had different personalities (Astaire as a kind of aristocratic Stan Laurel, Kelly as a working-class Douglas Fairbanks) and different, though complementary, dance styles (Astaire's elegant wit vs. Kelly's energetic good humor); but in excerpts from Astaire's *The Band Wagon* and Kelly's *Singin in the Rain*, you can see a lot of what made movie musicals great, and what's missing from any kind of movie today: grace and glamour and sheer, sublime joy.

There was always something extraterrestrial about Astaire. In his movies' dialogue sequences, he often seemed clumsily ill at ease, and not just because the jokes in his scripts tended to be thinner than he was; it was as if he could express himself only in that other, unspoken language. Once he took Ginger Rogers or Rita Hayworth into his arms and began sweeping her around the dance floor, he assumed an eloquence beyond words. When, in *Royal Wedding*, you see Astaire dance up a room's walls and upside down on the ceiling, you feel that no trick photography is needed; if the man wants to levitate, he can do it, with effortless expressiveness and control.

Astaire and Kelly on the hoof in *That's Entertainment, Part 2.*

There was no contradiction between Gene Kelly's acting and dancing styles. With his muscular frame, reedy tenor voice and Smilin' Jack grin, Kelly was the apotheosis of the Average Joe. He could be the happy, hooky-playing kid, splashing in a *Singin' in the Rain* puddle or roller skating down Broadway; he could make the most intense love to a gamine Leslie Caron or a gammy Cyd Charisse without losing either his masculinity or his finesse. A less accomplished technician than Astaire, Kelly was more adventurous as a film choreographer: in *Anchors Aweigh* he danced with Jerry, MGM's cartoon mouse, and in *An American in Paris* he dragged classical ballet into the Hollywood musical. But the ambitious craftsmanship never submerged Kelly's irrepressible, all-American exuberance.

*That's Entertainment, Part 2* is filled with examples of Astaire's and Kelly's artistry, and of random MGM felicities as well: Bobby Van acting like a human pogo stick in *Small Town Girl*; Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn sharing their warm intelligence; Fernand Gravet, as Johann Strauss in *The Great Waltz*, "composing" "Tales from the Vienna Woods" by listening to and imitating Austrian forest noises; Franchot Tone telling Jean Harlow, "I'd like to run barefoot through your hair"; Margaret O'Brien crying her six-year-old eyes out as Judy Garland sings "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas." In fact, there's too much material, programmed with too little discrimination. (Ending the film with a long sequence from an Esther Williams movie is a major mistake: the movie musical was an indoor activity, and Miss Williams was hardly its most prominent or appealing exponent.) I might have shuffled the clips in a different way, and discarded a few of them. But maybe it doesn't matter when you've got a deck stacked with aces.

Astaire and Kelly themselves appear as the film's hosts. It's good to see the two stars, alive and high-kicking, but it's also a little sad. Through no fault of theirs, the form died out almost 20 years ago—and here they are, intoning each other's elegies in facile, talk-show prose. The premature demise of the movie musical can't help but make *That's Entertainment, Part 2*, for all its delightful moments, an exercise less in nostalgia than in melancholy.

Maybe the new Hollywood is trying to rediscover the Old Hollywood strengths of narrative cohesiveness and sympathetic characters; or maybe producers are just playing it safe in an uncertain movie market. Whatever the reason, three of the town's most interesting middle-range directors have produced what they must surely think of as "entertainments"—generally accessible pictures that aim to be taken seriously in the *Variety* weekly grosses

rather than in the columns of some buff periodical. That, anyway, is the only explanation for the air of compromise, calculation and condescension that hangs over Bob Rafelson's **Stay Hungry,** Michael Ritchie's **The Bad News Bears** and Lamont Johnson's **Lipstick.**

Rafelson's failure is the saddest of all. He never before lacked for audacity. Remember his Monkees film, *Head,* in which Rafelson ended the group's upbeat signature tune with the infamous footage of a South Vietnamese army officer shooting a suspected Viet Cong in the head? Or, more important, Jack Nicholson's charming, self-destructive loners in *Five Easy Pieces* and *The King of Marvin Gardens?* There was intelligence and passion in those films; but *Marvin Gardens* was a commercial flop. Now Rafelson has retrenched—and dug his own grave—with an anecdotal tale about a young, wealthy Alabamian (Jeff Bridges) who renounces his heritage and drifts into the body-building subculture. Rafelson has wasted a fine actor and some enjoyable moments (I'm a sucker for backwoods-hoedown scenes, no matter how contrived), because he couldn't find a tone for the film. It lurches from Monkeeshines to pumping irony, from Carson McCullers to Charles Bronson. It's not that *Stay Hungry* is terrible (it's not, quite); an awful movie from the real Rafelson would be far more interesting. It's that there's no reason for Rafelson to have made it. I hope he gets to make other films, but it won't be easy; this "comeback" movie will probably do no better business than *Marvin Gardens,* a "failure" almost any director could be proud of.

Michael Ritchie always gives a picture more than it deserves. He's built a respectable career out of taking some simple-minded moral about competition in America (politics in *The Candidate,* beauty contests in *Smile,* Little League baseball here) and playing against the material for boffo laughs. And he usually pulls it off: *The Candidate* was the seventies' brightest (and darkest) social comedy, and *Smile* worked up some agreeable sympathy for many of its characters. But *The Bad News Bears* has a near-terminal case of the cutes. Every smart-ass-kid joke, every maudlin cliché, is trotted out to tell us—what? That adults try to ruin sandlot ball for their kids. Walter Matthau (as the Bears' dipsomaniacal manager), Tatum O'Neal, Jackie Earle Haley and Alfred W. Lutter III (as the cubs in Bears double-knits) all transcend their material, and so does Ritchie—and so would any halfway competent TV director. I admit that I laughed and lumped at the calibrated moments, but I wasn't pleased with either myself or Ritchie. He's too expert a field manager to make such a manipulative movie. It's like going to a sleazo massage parlor and being worked over by Xaviera Hollander.

Arnold Schwartzenegger (Mr. Universe) and Jeff Bridges in Rafelson's new film about the body-building subculture.

*Lipstick* is the sleeper hit of the spring season, and Lamont Johnson should know better. Johnson has made at least one quietly solid feature film (*The Last American Hero,* with Jeff Bridges) and a couple of exceptional TV movies (*That Certain Summer, My Sweet Charlie*). Now he's made a trashy TV-type movie (but with your standard nudity and special effects to earn its R rating) that introduces millionaire model Margaux Hemingway to the screen. *Lipstick* is very much on the order of *A Case of Rape,* the pop-sociology TV melodrama about a rape victim that was seen by more than 50 million people a couple of years ago. Margaux is assaulted, first by a psychotic young man with a penchant for avant-garde music and *arrière-garde* sex, and then by the Very Judicial System that should be protecting her. And finally by Lamont Johnson's prurient camera.

To Margaux's credit, she and her 14-year-old sister Mariel (who plays Margaux's 14-year-old sister) salvage some self-respect from the project. They each must produce plangent hysterics while being tracked down and attacked, and they succeed, perhaps because the film is crudely effective in cueing audience identification, perhaps because the Hemingways' performances are unfettered by technique: they're just playing Let's Pretend, and they're both quite good at it.

*Lipstick* is a terrible movie that keeps you watching by exploiting the woman moviegoer's fear of rape and the male moviegoer's guilt. At the end, the victim becomes the avenger and the film tries to become *Taxi Driver* in chic drag, with a bloody apocalypse and some O. Henry irony. But *Taxi Driver,* for all its flaws, is the most ambitious and exciting Hollywood film of the year; *Lipstick* is just hack work. A double rape for fun and profit—*that's* entertainment?

# Books

## Screens

By Geoffrey Wolff

**The Devil Finds Work** *by James Baldwin.* Dial (122 pp., $6.95).

It came to James Baldwin not as a kid, but later, that a black man had "best not believe everything he sees in the movies." Of course, you might say, whoever would have argued otherwise? But having dismissed Baldwin's perception as tautological, you must understand that it is a moral perception. Baldwin takes the screen for granted as a place where the most common (in the sense of universal, as well as base) legends and anxieties and waking dreams of white Americans are translated into images that in turn feed the same legends and anxieties and waking dreams whence they sprang.

He is surely right in his assumption, and in his decision to use movies as a reflection of white America, and to recollect what they broadcast into the eyes of a black child, black adolescent, black preacher, black intellectual,

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black moralist. *The Devil Finds Work* is nourished by an essentially flawless premise: that movies, depending as they do on their acceptance by a huge audience, will seek to confirm what we think we know about who we are, what we have done, where we have been and why we are good. The wonder is that such a book, so direct in its approach to white America, has not been written before.

It might have been a mighty tome, a piling on of evidence, a film encyclopedia. Such an overwhelming book might arguably have been more effective than this slim and elegant essay, this picky recollection and speculation that lights, stings and darts away. But Baldwin is not the writer for donkey work. Rather, he shares his history in front of the screen (and to a regrettably miserly degree his experience behind it, in Hollywood) and depends upon it to demonstrate what he believes to be exemplary. His assumption, after all, is that "all men are brothers," and that we share, black and white, "common troubles." This has always been his premise, in those books that have made of him the sovereign essayist of our time.

There is neither space nor need now to review Baldwin's long career of exhortation and rebuke, his courageous and meticulous exploration of the wars and couplings between blacks and whites, round and round, the terrifying and enraging circle unbroken. This is James Baldwin's seventeenth published work and the eleventh since the publication in 1963 of his landmark essay *The Fire Next Time*. Fundamentally, he believes that the white beholds the black from an attitude of (sometimes suspended) terror, and that the black beholds the white with (sometimes contained) rage. He believes that this malign circle can only be broken, and replaced by another of common humanity, through the assumption of responsibility.

Responsibility, the word and the obligation it carries, appears again and again in this book, and in any book by Baldwin. "Nor can this history be blamed on any single individual; but, at the same time, no one can be let off the hook. It is a terrible thing, simply, to be trapped in one's history, and attempt, in the same motion (and in this, our life!) to accept, deny, reject, and redeem it." He is studying here the failure of the Sidney Poitier/Rod Steiger movie, *In the Heat of the Night*, but he is writing about something else too—"this, our life!" By means of an acerbic, sharp and detailed synopsis of that movie's offenses against the reality of the black experience of white people, Baldwin connects that well-meaning movie, in which poor whites steal the villains' parts from blacks, with *The Birth of a Nation*, an altogether ill-meant and subversive expression of white supremacy. *In the Heat of the Night* looked, to this white man, not quite right, but its goodwill and good acting were enough to carry it. Not into my esteem, perhaps, but onto my list of entertaining bungles.

For Baldwin the matter is more consequential. Granting the film its good intentions, apologizing in sorrow for the "helplessly sardonic" humor in which he mauls it, he nevertheless holds it responsible for its enactments. It is not true to life, that is, because the people who made it cannot bear a story about a black man and a white sheriff in a southern American town that is true to life, or because they cannot afford to tell such a story. Whether from ignorance or venality, lies compound lies and reinforce a prison of expectation, which kindles experience and dooms the past to repeat its prophecies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

In *The Devil Finds Work*, James Baldwin shares his history in front of the screen.

Others before Baldwin have held up for contempt the clichés of white movies in which blacks play. But no one better than Baldwin has explored the uses to which blacks have been put, the black stud before whom the white woman will die rather than suffer dishonor, the loyal nigger maid, moaning darkies, the jazz man, the Credit to his Race. He examines, in the context of the "disastrous sentimentality" and bigotry they reveal, such movies as *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, *The Defiant Ones*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Lady Sings the Blues*, *The Last of the Mohicans* and *The Member of the Wedding*.

In his brimstone sermon no one comes off very well, and in his attention to responsibility he fixes a fair share on himself. He touches on the deep verity that a cliché may tell something other than a falsehood, and that it is not always possible to know with certainty whether one is "resisting the film or resisting the truth" when a banality is thrust forward with a heavy hand. He has sensed the blackness of Bette Davis (whose pop eyes made him tolerant of his own): "and when she moved, she moved just like a nigger." And of Henry Fonda: "White men don't walk like that!" Baldwin's friend told him, watching *The Grapes of Wrath*.

He is perhaps too easy on Sidney Poitier's collaboration in the films that Baldwin treats with such violence. (He doesn't even mention his participation in the monstrous *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.) But he is a fine critic of acting, and brings to this book a perception I have not before read so concisely phrased: "One does not go to see Humphrey Bogart, *as Sam Spade:* one goes to see Sam Spade, *as Humphrey Bogart*." He is making a distinction between stage and screen actors, saying that the latter aren't actors at all in their performances, that they are personages, personalities. Once rooted in the popular imagination, they can neither shrink nor grow. They are *there*, immutable until we weary of looking at them, or they die.

Thus with the stereotypes, what Baldwin would call the legends, that are set loose on the screen. I wish this book treated more of them, and I wish that Baldwin had given more space to his own experience in Hollywood, where his assignment to write a screenplay of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* was born dead, without a movie, in distrust and anger. (Baldwin's screenplay was published under the title *One Day When I Was Lost*.) It would have been fitting here to expand on that experience, and I wish too that Baldwin had spent some space on *Putney Swope* and *Superfly*, and on what is called the "black exploitation" genre.

But what James Baldwin chooses not to write about is James Baldwin's business, and none of mine. I can attest

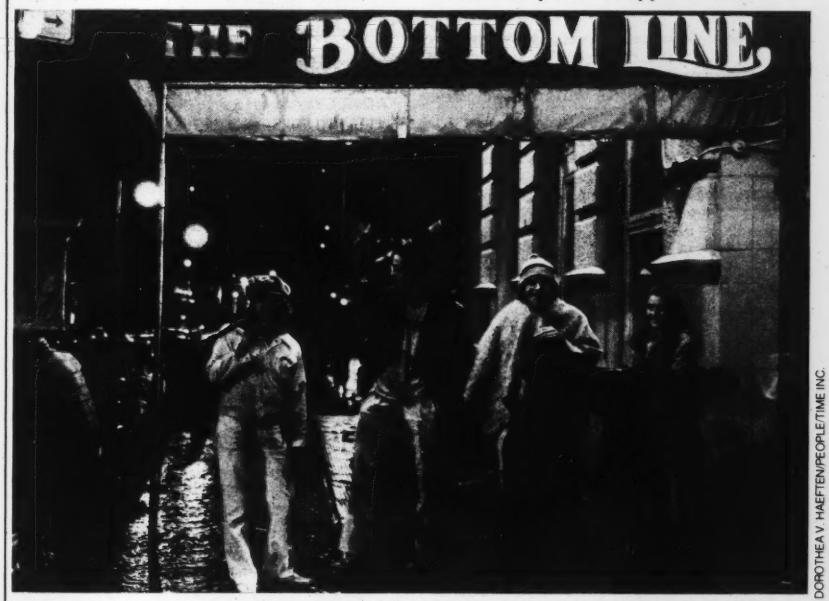
to what is here, and it is very good, by turns sassy and periodic, changing tones with precise timing. It is really about miscegenation, a graver kind of mixing of tones. A black man sitting in a dark room watching white women on the screen is in the grip of an experience not unlike miscegenation, and one can only conclude that the legislators of Jim Crow got their priorities badly screwed up: it was not the audience they should have segregated, blacks in nigger heaven and whites in the orchestra. They should have prevented blacks from seeing whites at play. Now blacks know whites, and have been forearmed. Baldwin has seen *The Exorcist*, and felt no devil there. He once believed in the devil, and still does: "He who has been treated *as* the devil recognizes the devil when they meet."

# MUSIC Classical

## Tashi: A quartet for modern times

By John Stickney

Waitresses scribble final orders before the set begins, drinkers at the bar call for another round and latecomers search the sold-out cabaret for seats. Although the address is positively Fourth Street, and the crowd looks comfortable there, tonight belongs not to rock or jazz or folk but to classical music; for the first time, a chamber ensemble tops the bill at New York's Bottom Line.

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Tashi, with "crossover power," appeals to concert-hall and rock music audiences.

TASHI, reads the clarinetist's red T-shirt at the end of a row of his colleagues, one by one in white bell-bottoms, midnight-blue maxiskirt and embroidered vest. Their costume and manner—as offhand as the name, Tibetan for "good fortune"—were much the same a month before at staid old Carnegie Hall; the quartet happily turns a cabaret into a concert hall and vice versa. For Tashi, classical music is a contemporary sound equally at home in both showplaces.

But that sound, unamplified at Carnegie Hall, needs a boost through the smoke-laden, low-ceilinged club. Although electricity dismays purists, Tashi experimented for four hours with the new effect, tuning it to complement a modern score already power-charged, Olivier Messiaen's *Quartet for the End of Time*. Clear and sharp, the eight brief movements pass like songs, and after the third, the crowd gratefully abandons concert etiquette to applaud each one. Working with a jazz band's rapport, command and flourish, Tashi leans into the piece, leading 50 distilled twentieth-century minutes into an ovation.

At the Bottom Line and across the country new listeners rise: if not a groundswell, at least a tremor beneath pop's bedrock. Over a 31-concert season, New York's Mostly Mozart Festival attracts 70,000 people, one-fourth of them 25 or younger. In Los Angeles, some 400 students—taking advantage of discount tickets—show up at each major Philharmonic performance. In Minnesota, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra draws a majority of under-35 concertgoers. And even the long-sluggish classical record business begins to stir, according to an executive at RCA, which this month releases Tashi's first album—the Messiaen *Quartet*.

Pianist Peter Serkin, violinist Ida Kavafian, cellist Fred Sherry and clarinetist Dick Stoltzman—respective ages 28, 23, 27 and 33—are Tashi, assembled in late 1972 by Serkin, a reluctant celebrity looking for a group. Inheritor of a famous surname, public performer since age 12, rebel who first disconcerted the concert elders in the late sixties, Serkin dropped out five years ago, abandoning his career to travel in Mexico with his wife and daughter.

"In warm climates we relax," he says. "For a long while I never touched a keyboard. Then one day I was lying in a field on a hill—warm, easy, at peace—and I started thinking about the *Fifth Brandenburg Concerto*, how special that music is, and how I wouldn't mind playing it again."

Soon after his return, Serkin first heard the *Quartet for the End of Time* and right away hoped to play it. Messiaen wrote the piece 35 years ago while captive in a Nazi prison camp, using the instruments at hand: piano, violin, cello and clarinet. The *Quartet* suggests an eight-room fantasy house whose atmosphere shifts rapidly from forest to cathedral to brothel. The clocks measure several centuries at once, while the acoustics reflect bird cries, plainsong, jazz and air-raid sirens. Its improvisatory passages leave a musician plenty of free space.

Serkin enlisted his old friend Sherry, then Stoltzman after hearing him perform the *Quartet* at the 1972 Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont. The three lacked only a violinist until Serkin spotted her one night in Brattleboro; she slouched in a Bach Festival

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Orchestra seat, looking bored but casting a distinctive tone.

"I was puzzled about why they asked me instead of a better fiddler." Kavafian says. "At our first rehearsal I totally screwed up the Messiaen, way too hard a score to sight-read. Things have changed a lot since then, and my playing is much more aggressive. With those three around, believe me, it has to be. But mistakes didn't make much difference at first because we were just playing for kicks. Then we decided to do a concert, and one concert led to another. In the fall of 1973 we made a little tour upstate, and the four of us started to feel like a real group, not just a sometime thing."

Nameless, they asked their first audiences for ideas. Under pressure from a manager who was impatient after a year of booking an anonymous quartet, the group brainstormed until Sherry finally suggested putting on the dog: Tashi, a Lhasa Apso bought by Serkin and his wife in Katmandu and dubbed by an exiled Tibetan lama there. Fanciful and ironic, the choice stands out like a jest among classical music's proper names; Tashi means to prove that the recital stage need not be solemn or stuffy.

"You go to a rock concert and most often the group looks sharp," Sherry says. "They've got an act, they're really putting on a show. Now a few classical musicians are figuring it's no sin to loosen up and reach the people out there. In Tashi we don't play against or above the audience: we play for it."

Breaking down barriers between performer and listener is a group tradition. During Tashi's March 1973 debut at the New School, Stoltzman began a Stravinsky solo piece, then walked offstage, playing his clarinet as he strolled down the aisle. "Now the crowd had been quiet all along," he says. "But at that moment it seemed to me as if everybody packed into that little hall had decided in unison to stop breathing: an electric sensation. Then they exhaled and smiled at my stunt.

"See, if there's any reason at all for going to a live performance, it's that lack of control. You can't turn the volume up or down, and you can't lift the needle off the record. At a good concert, something unexpected can reach out and force you to react."

From the start, by a fluke, Tashi made the unexpected a habit. Formed to play the Messiaen *Quartet*, whose instrumentation appears only twice again in music history, the group must add, subtract or replace personnel for less unusual pieces. Reaching some 40 audiences here and abroad every year, Tashi also splits into single careers; like jugglers, they set dates spinning, then rush to keep them aloft. One time or another, some Tashi trouper has made music with Pablo Casals, Benny Goodman, Cecil Taylor and Jerry Garcia; such heady exchanges of energy and influence strengthen the group for Carnegie Hall-Bottom Line leaps.

"Tashi has crossover power," says Lincoln Center impresario Bill Lockwood, who should know; in the winter he presents the likes of Randy Newman and James Taylor, and in the summer he directs the Mostly Mozart Festival, where Tashi has sold out 2,800-seat Avery Fisher Hall the last two seasons. "They drew the youngest crowd of all, a lot of people who don't usually show up in the house.

"Why? Tashi's like no other group: they connect to people on either side of 30, they've played all over town and Serkin is already a cult figure with his own following.

"He loses a lot of money because he'd rather perform with this group than follow a big solo career. Overnight he could line up 20 orchestral dates at five grand a crack, fees larger than Tashi commands. But Tashi is where he wants to put his energy now."

A student of crowds, Lockwood hands out questionnaires that profile recent Mostly Mozart Festival-goers: half under 35, average age 28, half first-time visitors. Encouraged by this fresh audience, New York Philharmonic conductor Pierre Boulez sponsored 10 Rug Concerts, replacing Avery Fisher Hall's seats with carpets and cushions surrounding a stage in a pool of light. In the same hall, free-lance impresarios attracted wide-awake crowds to midnight concerts of Bach and Vivaldi.

The Brooklyn Philharmonia and Los Angeles Philharmonic have run Marathons, multi-hours of music through which concertgoers stroll at will, listening or sampling refreshments in the lobby. And during composer John Cage's two-week residency, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and conductor Dennis Russell Davies staged Cage and Haydn side by side, a juxtaposition illuminating both the improviser and the classicist. Under 31-year-old Davies' tenure, the orchestra's attendance has quadrupled.

So far, this resurgence affects box offices more than record stores. For every 15 albums sold, one is classical, a

ratio unchanged over the last decade. Although the odd success—a soundtrack for *2001: A Space Odyssey* or *Elvira Madigan*—climbs the charts, classical music has won only two gold discs: Van Cliburn's Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto No. 1* and Walter Carlos' *Switched-on Bach*.

But the record executive who signed Tashi observes a change. "Lately we've picked up hints of growth," says RCA Red Seal chief Tom Shepard. "The bigger live audience may cause the turnaround, although the concertgoer is not necessarily a record buyer, and vice versa. Many listeners may just be audio fanatics. Anyway, classical music is alive and well out there somewhere."

A beer can's throw from Broadway, west of the discount store, east of the "Jesus Saves" awning, past a stoopful of Latino hookers, up six flights in a slow elevator to the Sherryton, down a hall past the Chaos Room and the kitchen's dish-stacked sink, Looney Tunes the cat sleeps with her head on an open violin case while Tashi practices *Tashi*, a piece they commissioned from Pulitzer Prize-winner Charles Wuorinen.

"You're stretching the phrase too tight."

"Seems like the note's stuck in place: dah dah dah. Dah!"

"I want to play with somebody. Anybody."

Within a week they will tour in North Carolina. Meanwhile, a hard section of the new piece waits undeciphered after two hours' measure-by-measure negotiation, and when the phone rings everybody is glad to take a break. Kavafian untangles a stray horsehair from her bow. Stoltzman slumps in a chair. Scattered about the small room are easements, untouched this afternoon: grapes, the Country Joe and the Fish album entitled *Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, a magnum of cheap wine.

"Did you see when this Divertimento was written?" Serkin asks, pointing to a score atop the piano.

"In 1776," Sherry discovers. "It could be our Bicentennial piece."

"Do you think Mozart heard about the Declaration of Independence and sat right down to compose this Divertimento?"

"I don't think so, Peter."

Serkin raises his long arms up, then out, and twists his neck sharply, freeing a crick. Asked how much interpretive leeway the quartet is allowed, he says, "The score's just a map. You still have to go to the place to find out what's really there."

Six travelers look up at the slim young waitress with some of the curliest blond hair in North Carolina; she has just cleared away the remnants of deep-fried perch and chicken, black-eyed peas and hush puppies.

"What sorta music y'all play?" she asks. Sherry's cello case sits in a chair beside him. Serkin's T-shirt bears an emblem of a rose-strewn skull garlanded by the words Grateful Dead and Stoltzman's multicolored golf cap, its crown stitched with an italic Tashi, hangs from a peg overhead.

"Classical music," Serkin says. "Do you like classical music?"

"Chocolate pie," she replies, passing the dessert.

"You might want to hear us tonight anyway. The concert's over in Greenville, and we'll get you a free ticket."

"I'll have to check with my boyfriend. Now who ordered coffee?"

In rehearsal and on stage the quartet follows a score, but on tour they improvise. Even in Dinah's Southern Home Cooking Restaurant, a meal becomes Chinese, with every dish circling the table. At the airport, a reporter suggesting the need for a road map is told the group usually travels by the sun or stars, heading in the general direction and trusting fate. Under way, Serkin spots a wooden arrow reading "Haw 5" and asks if anybody minds a detour; nobody objects, and he drives off the highway down a country lane toward Haw.

"I hate traveling alone," Serkin says later, asked about his neglected solo career; everybody has pulled chain-motel chairs out on a balcony to drink beer and enjoy the Greenville sun. "A greeting committee comes to the airport, and there's a bunch of them but just one of you.

"And I learn more by playing in this group. People misunderstand about chamber music; it poses tremendous problems, just like solo work. Besides, we play it in a soloistic way, a bold way that keeps each of us independent. We don't want the sound too smooth or predictable. Rather, we'd like to leave some rough edges."

That night at East Carolina University's Mendenhall Theatre, some 500 people gather, a houseful of mixed ages, tastes and hopes. "Both artists and audience appreciate your efforts not to rustle programs, whisper or move about unnecessarily," reads a program note. "The courteous audience is a still, attentive one." When the house lights fade, Tashi's free-and-easy style surprises everybody with formal-dress predilections. "Please disregard your program and move around just as much as you like," Sherry greets the crowd, gladdening them, and the revised group—violinist Daniel Phillips in for Stoltzman for this piece—unbends a Brahms piano quartet whose allegro finale might propel a hoedown; Tashi subtitles this composition "Brahms at the Keyboard on LSD 25."

The finale animates an intermission as thick with comment as cigarette smoke. All too many concertgoers choose an evening's chamber music for its educational or therapeutic value, quite apart from its outright pleasure; anticipating a lesson or a restorative, they are scandalized by Tashi's passionate embrace of Brahms.

Brahms at least sounds familiar. Messiaen often startles, his *Quartet* vexing the ears, hectoring a response, and Tashi plays it for keeps. A few minutes into the piece, somebody walks out, then another, and two more flee the hall, which vibrates to the crowd's doubt, even anger. But after a pause between movements, ensemble yields to solo, and Stoltzman practices ventriloquy, conjuring up notes from underground, throwing them high in the air, swiveling to track their flights. When the magic show ends, the audience—won over by his skill—spontaneously applauds, despite the program note's cautions about stillness.

At the post-concert reception, enthusiasts cluster around all the visiting musicians except Serkin, who sits apart at a corner table with a runner-up in the 1975 Miss North Carolina contest. And a 25-year-old part-time student, part-time guitarist who arrived with Miss North Carolina runner-up cannot recollect music more exciting than Tashi's since his jazz-rock band's last set the summer before at the Stardust Lounge in Coral Gables, Florida.

"We played a Frank Zappa medley and those rednecks were just stomping on the linoleum at three in the morning," he recalls. "Now I see why Zappa's been talking about classical music all these years." He grins, then glances across the room. "Excuse me, but I reckon I'd better go over there and separate my date from that classical musician."

# Food

## Bean curd: a cake for all courses/By Arthur Lubow

Richard Nixon had never seen a soybean. Coming in September 1973, that confession was understandably lost in American newspapers fixated on missing tapes and unwarranted taps; but in Japan, the statement inspired headlines. The leader of the greatest soybean-producing nation in the world had never seen a soybean. That may reveal more of the American character than the 18½-minute gap.

The soybean has crept into the American diet, but only as a highly camouflaged guerrilla. Probably because it is so cheap and healthful—an acre of soybeans yields a third more protein than any other crop, and 20 times the protein from cattle grazed on that land—the soybean is thought to taste bad or to have no taste at all. So it is refined into meal that puffs out hamburger or into powder that is spun into phony whipped cream. Forced into contests it never should have entered, the soybean winds up pigeonholed with powdered milk: cheaper and healthier, but second-best in taste. Few Americans regret that only 3 percent of the soybeans used in this country slide down human throats.

The Japanese are wiser. For 1,200 years, they have been enjoying tofu (bean curd), a delicious cake-shaped substance that is as white and light and moist as clouds. It's natural to slip into nature metaphors when describing tofu, because in its simplicity, its freshness, its unobtrusive beauty, tofu is closer to landscape than to steak and potatoes. But while you can't live on air, you can live on tofu. Half a pound provides a quarter of your daily protein requirement, at a calorie cost of 147 and a monetary cost of about 20 cents. Standard tofu consists of 88 percent water, 6 percent protein, 3.5 percent fat (mostly unsaturated) and 1.9 percent carbohydrates. If the 1973 American soybean harvest of 47 million tons (two-thirds the world output) were transformed into tofu, each American would have enough protein to satisfy his average daily adult requirement for the next three years. If tofu rained from the heavens, we would call it manna.

Sky-borne tofu might also draw some notice. As it is, the adventurous American eater often overlooks his first encounter with the Japanese staple. So a new book with 500 recipes—*The Book of Tofu: Food for Mankind*, by William Shurtleff and Akiko Aoyagi—serves as a calling card. Shurtleff, a Californian who went to Japan to study Zen meditation, and his Japanese wife tell you everything you want to know about the history and manufacture of tofu and related soy products. Facing the chunk of tofu he has carried home from a Japanese shop or health food store, the novice may feel like Michelangelo with his first block of marble. *The Book of Tofu* supplies road maps: starting from the same white square, you can end up with chilled blocks dipped into soy sauce and grated ginger—a simple Japanese way of soaking the heat out of sticky summer afternoons—or American-inspired concoctions such as tofuburgers or tofu cheesecake.

A traditional tofu shop.

Like the river faun Proteus, tofu can be transformed with a little shaking into any beast of the jungle. Especially in China, Buddhist monks forbidden to eat meat developed recipes centuries ago that modified the taste and texture of tofu until it mimicked chicken, ham, eels or duck. Even more than tofu, a related product—dried bean curd sheets, known as yuba in Japan—provides the clay for the molder of mock meat. Deep-fried in oil, for example, yuba metamorphoses magically into crisp chicken skin. A Buddha's Feast so much resembles a platter of meat that you can understand why, in China, a man who stresses faults in his comrades is said to be "finding a bone in his tofu."

Credit for bean curd's invention is usually given to Liu An of Huainan, a Chinese lord and scholar who lived 2,000 years ago. Chinese bean curd, called doufu, is firmer and more compact than the Japanese variety. Transported to Japan during the eighth century, probably by Buddhist monks, bean curd was softened and whitened over the years. Although the manufacturing process has been modernized, the basic steps haven't changed. To create soymilk, which is the source of tofu, the soybeans must be soaked, ground and pressed. The soymilk is then heated and a chemical solidifier is added to separate the curds from the whey. The acidic whey is poured off, and the curds are ladled into molds. After a brief pressing, the cakes of tofu are cut and stored in cold water. Because some of the acidic whey remains, the tofu will spoil unless its water bath is changed daily. Even so, it will last only a week or ten days in your refrigerator.

There used to be about 40,000 tofu shops in Japan, but since World War II the number has dwindled. Today, huge plants spew out plastic-packaged tofu, which is made not from whole soybeans but from the meal left over in soy oil extraction. Instead of the traditional nigari (seawater extract) solidifier, calcium sulfate is used to form a greater bulk of slightly more watery tofu. Old-world taste has been steam-rollered by new world profits and technology. Imagine French wine produced through chemically accelerated fermentation of pressed grape skins and you can sense the indignation of Japanese devotees, who still gather at venerable shops in late fall to taste tofu made from the new soybean crop.

In this country, the available tofu ranges from freeze-dried—which when placed in hot water revives in appearance, if not in taste—to top-quality bean curd made in small traditional shops. Most mass-produced, packaged tofu is perfectly serviceable, especially in highly seasoned Chinese dishes. Bean curd is versatile. The fast-food freak can pop it out of the container and gulp it down; the health-food cultist can brew it home-made. With hundreds of uses and dozens of forms, tofu is something for everyone. ●

# Final Tribute

## Inching toward metrics/By Lewis Archibald

To put it metaphorically, a milestone has been passed, a peck of trouble is the possible result and the foot is about to literally go on another shoe. Which is to say that the ol' U.S. of A., after much scientific berating, scholastic debating and congressional pontificating, has finally agreed to convert to the assured glories of the metric system. And, though the exact date of the conversion remains hazy—as hazy as any measure that has been sifted through the House, the Senate and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—the process itself was set in motion "with all due speed" by President Ford last December. In high schools, factories and drafting rooms across the country, we are slowly inching up on the metrics.

A large number of seasoned folk say it's about time. After all, the metric system is decimally based, which makes for a much easier conversion between its weights and measures as well as in overall addition and subtraction. With our defection, only Brunei, Burma, Liberia and Yemen remain steadfastly non-metric.

Indeed our eventual conversion to metrics is all part of a careful plan to put the world on a basically similar if none too even keel by the end of the twentieth century. The Scandinavians are driving on the right side of the road now, the British are converting their currency to the decimal system, the French have actually permitted Coca-Cola to rival wine as the national drink and the Russians are said to be about to start importing Charles Bronson movies. We have to take our lumps too.

Those lumps are coming, as many a frustrated citizen can tell you, not from the metric system itself but from learning how to convert to it. Nothing in metrics adds up forthrightly to anything in our former way of doing things (except nothing itself). To convert from inches to centimeters, for example, you multiply 1 inch by 2.54000508. To convert from miles to kilometers, you multiply 1 mile by 1.6093472. And that's only a rounded-off approximation. Add all this to the New Math and you can understand why many an adult, raised on the hardy pioneer values of reciting the multiplication tables backwards and forwards until it sank in, has currently retreated to figuring by fingers as the only honest fail-safe system left.

Needless to say, some cherished traditions will have to be jettisoned. The inchworm has been clearly disenfranchised and the 10-gallon hat reduced to a far less inspiring 37.8 liter capacity. And if, on the literary scene, Shylock can now be quite successfully flummoxed without all that sophistry about unstrained mercy, God's Little Acre has also presumably become God's Somewhat Larger Hectare. Finally, getting down to the really nitty-gritty matters, what about the Quarter Pounder? When I put this query to the counterman at my local McDonald's, he had me thrown out as a troublemaker obviously sent by Arthur Treacher's.

And the beat goes on. In ten years' time, no doubt we'll all be quite used to such terms as milliliter, dekagram and hectometer even if they now seem rather maddeningly prosaic. The fact that there's a 32 degree difference —downward— between Centigrade and Fahrenheit temperatures probably won't make Washington summers one drop less sweaty or Maine winters one degree more frosty.

I'll still miss the foot. There has always been something very comforting about that form of measurement. We all had at least one of it, for one thing. And thus we had our own built-in system of measurement by which we could haphazardly calculate things like how far it was from the easy chair to the refrigerator during the Anacin commercial or whether it's possible to beat the elevator door to the punch when you have the handicap of a shopping cart, a tote bag and the Sunday *New York Times*. These homespun calculations were neither systematic nor accurate, but they made the whole thing more easily encompassed, reassuringly familiar. Having a system of measurement that was, no matter how fallaciously, a part of us gave us all an edge on the universe somehow. Certainly it helped to make the world more personal.

The meter is another matter. My dictionary defines the meter as "originally intended to be, and being very nearly, equal to one ten millionth of the distance from the equator to the pole measured on a meridian, but actually defined as the distance between two lines on a platinum-iridium bar preserved at the International Bureau of Weights and Measures near Paris." Where it is no doubt taken out and dusted once every 1.6093472 years. Swell.

Small wonder, then, that the meter itself seems so alien still. So apart. Definitely lifeless. Will it and its carefully calibrated descendants be able to inchworm their way into our slang and our folklore with the ease of their old counterparts? Will animals joyously seek their identities and Texans their boasts in the amplifications of the metric system? Madison Avenue may have already waxed poetic about that "silly little millimeter" but can it weave similar spells about the rest of the bunch? What we gain in decimal functions with the metrics are we not also losing in metaphoric application?

In any case, getting a true measure of life will no doubt be harder than ever. ●

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